THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 725 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876. | $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 1.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

BY DELMADI.

"When summer comes, dear heart, your cheek
Now white, will bloom like rose's rare,
These hands, like snow-drops, white and weak,
Will prove how much your heart can bear."
Thus said we, little thinking how
God wills that we our wills should bow.

The summer came, and roses bright
Bloomed over every vale and hill,
But cheeks like lilies pale and white,
Lay in a coffin cold and still.
Thus ever, God alone knows best,
And to the weary heart gives rest.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL, ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII.

SERGEANT KERR'S TRUST.

Captain Conrad might well have placed confidence in the resisting powers of Sergeant Kerr, not only to female wiles, but even to his own writing when opposed to his spoken order.

He sat on the stoop in front of Snyder's Inn, his musket leaning like a twin brother against his shoulder, and slowly deciphered the written document which had just been presented by the young lady before him.

"Margaret Lawson, is that you?" he asked, looking querulously up.

"Yes sir," she replied, demurely.

"Looks like Captain Conrad's writing," he grumbled as he read the name at the bottom. "Ain't sure of that though. Too many tricks about now-a-days."

"But, Mr. Kerr—" she began.

"Sergeant Kerr," he interrupted with a sharp accent. "I ain't got no Mister to my name."

"I have told you," she replied, "how Captain Conrad came to give this order. I am a friend of the prisoner, and he willingly gave me permission to see him. He said I had but to present that order to Sergeant Kerr."

"The Captain ought to have staid here himself," said the Sergeant sourly. "He told me to hold on to the prisoner for life and death, and I'd like to know how I am going to do it if he takes the business out of my hands this way."

"But I do not see that any harm can be done by my seeing Mr. Brooks for a few minutes."

"I don't know, I don't know," he replied, with a sage shake of the head. "I am certain of nothing that women meddle with. Howsomever, I don't care much if you see him so as I go in with you. Don't think you can carry him away in your sleeves."

"No, no, Sergeant," she archly replied. "It must be alone. I have private business with your prisoner. The order says that I must see him alone."

"Alone?" he muttered, as he slowly deciphered it. "Don't like the looks of that. It ain't the thing. You've been throwing dust in Captain Conrad's eyes, young woman. Can't see him alone."

"Now, Sergeant Kerr," she said coaxingly. "You are not going to deny me this small favor. You can have your guards outside the door if you wish. You don't really think that I am able to carry him off before all your eyes?"

"It is just such creatures as you who have been the ruination of men since the days of old Adam," he said. "I've got my orders young woman. I'm going to keep them. You've fooled the Captain with your coaxing ways, I 'spose, but you ain't going into that room."

"Then I am," she said, petulantly. "When Captain Conrad took leave of me and my father, he gave me the order now in your hands. You will refuse to obey it at your peril."

Something like amusement came into the old fellow's face as he listened to her sharp words.

"So you're looking at it that way?" he said.

"Do you deny me the privilege which your Captain has granted me?" she asked, drawing up her form with offended dignity.

"I won't trust no woman in that room without going in with her, that's flat," he sharply replied.

"You are a crabbed, sour old jailor," she answered, shrugging her shoulders spitefully. "What has Mr. Brooks done anyway, that he should be arrested? What are you keeping him for?"

"I only know that he is a spy," he replied. "I only know what spies are caught and kept for."

"For what?" she hastily asked.

"To stretch hemp," was his coarse answer.

She turned away that he might not see the sudden pallor of her face.

"You are as cold and cruel as iron Sergeant Kerr," she said. "You have insulted me and disobeyed your Captain. Perhaps you think I will get upon my knees and beg of you, but I do not intend to do anything of the kind. I am going to see your prisioner, whether you will or not. What's more, so long as you think that I am here to carry him off with me, I will take you at your word. Allen Brooks is my friend; if he were ten times a spy, he shall not remain in your prison, nor stretch your hemp, as you elegantly express it."

Her burst of indignant eloquence had very little effect upon the rugged nature of the Sergeant.

"So that's how you take it," he gruffly said. "Go ahead then, get him out if you can."

"I will," she answered, turning angrily away, and walking with a quick step down the road.

The old fellow leaned upon his musket and looked after her, a smile of amusement creeping over his wrinkled face.

"Jest as spiteful as a hornet," he muttered, "and would sting me as quick if she had the chance. Well, well, a woman is bound to have the last word."

He got up and strode carelessly into the house. It was evident that her threat did not greatly disturb his mind.

"I've seen women before," he continued. "She'll go home and have a good cry, then she'll wipe her eyes; and that will be the last of it, except, maybe, a blow to the Captain, which won't hurt me much."

But she didn't cry and she didn't go home. There was more of the true grit in the young woman than he gave her credit for.

Her rapid retreat had quite another purpose. It was really a pursuit of a form she had just seen flitting away from the house towards a spring-house at some distance.

Madge had recognized Letty Snyder, the daughter of the old inn-keeper, and had on the instant determined on giving Sergeant Kerr a touch of her quality, with this young lady's assistance. She was well acquainted with Letty, and counted freely on her assistance in any scheme she might devise.

A full hour elapsed before the two girls returned to the house.

Snyder, a hale, broad-faced German, stood on the back porch, and gave a hearty nod to Madge and a good-humored scolding to Letty for her long absence as they passed.

"It's near about supper time, and the poor devil up-stairs must be getting a bit hungry," he said. "It will be pitch dark in ten minutes, and you've got no business out gadding."

"All right, daddy," said the rosy daughter, with a merry laugh. "I guess I'll get him something before he quite starves. Come in, Madge, I have something pretty to show you."

"Yes, you're always getting something pretty, and always making me pay for it," growled the good-natured father as the two girls passed in.

Letty's delay in the wood, however, made the prisoner's supper rather late that night. It was a full hour after her entrance ere the rosy cheeked damsel, with a hood drawn over her curls and half hiding her smiling face, bore the long-delayed supper to the room which had been transformed into a prison.

The inn was of two stories in height, save that for some unexplained reason it had been carried up to a third story over one end, two small rooms being thus formed.

One of these was entered by a stairway from below, and communicating by a door with the second.

This connecting door was locked, however, and the prisoner confined in the outer apartment, a sentinel stationed at the foot of the flight of stairs.

The single small window of the room was not barred or guarded, but as it presented a sheer descent of thirty feet to the ground, and as the room contained nothing that could easily be used as a rope, it was deemed sufficiently safe.

Moreover, it was in full view from the road, on which a sentinel kept guard night and day.

Allen Brooks sat on the edge of the bed, which was furnished with that smothering comfort peculiar to our German citizens, a feather bed to lie on and a second one for coverlet. There were no ready made ropes here to assist a captive's flight.

His face was bowed in his hands and a deep sensation of misery seemed to have come over him for the moment. In his hand was clasped a slip of paper which he had just been reading.

"No, no," he said, thoughtfully. "that may serve as a last resort. To use it except at the last extremity would be weak and foolish. What little usefulness I have must not be idly destroyed. Better die and let my secret perish with me than thus weakly sell it."

A footstep on the stair caused him hastily to hide the paper in some secret hiding-place within his cap.

He stood facing the door as it opened and admitted the form of the maiden who bore his supper.

"I am afraid, Mr. Brooks, that you are half starved waiting for me," she cheerfully said. "I have a nice supper for you, which may make up for the delay."

He slightly started on hearing her voice.

CAPTAIN CONRAD TOOK LEAVE OF ME AND MY FATHER.

"Please shut the door," he said. "I will not have much comfort in my supper in that December draught which has followed you up-stairs."

She looked down at the sentinel at the foot of the stairs.

"All right," he said; "but don't lend your wings to the prisoner."

A light laugh answered him as she shut the door.

It was no sooner closed than a marked change took place in the demeanor of the prisoner.

He started forward, grasping the hand which had just been relieved of its load.

"Madge Lawson!" he said, in low, excited tones.

"You knew me then?"

"Knew you? Did you think you could disguise yourself from me?"

His voice was full of deep feeling, and in his eyes was a look such as she had never seen there before.

She hastily withdrew her hand.

"We have not a minute to lose," she cried in low quick utterance. "I do not wear this disguise idly."

"For what then?" he said eagerly, "Have you any plan to release me from this prison?"

"I hope so," she said, with equal eagerness. "Quick, we have not a moment to lose. Eat your supper. You may need it."

He took her advice and ate hurriedly, watching meanwhile her light, quick evolutions.

First to the window, to which she fixed the end of a long piece of rope, dropping the other end to dangle outside. Then to the door of the next room, which she quickly opened with a key of which she had become possessed.

"In there, and be as quiet as a lamb," she hastily said.

"But—" he began.

"In with you. Every movement is precious. It will be time for buts afterwards."

She pushed him with both hands in her eagerness to get the door shut and locked upon him.

Hardly had she replaced the key in her pocket before she flew across the room and flung open the outer door, giving vent to a loud cry.

"The prisoner has escaped! He has escaped!" she screamed. "The window! Guard the window!"

The sentry dashed up stairs and into the room. Other steps could be heard approaching as her continued cries reached ears below. In a minute a half dozen soldiers followed the sentry into the empty cell of their prisoner."

"He has gone!" she cried. "He had a rope! He got out of the window while I was fixing his supper."

"Damnation!" was the emphatic remark of Sergeant Kerr, as he threw up the window and caught sight of the dangling rope.

"After him!" he cried. "All of you! He is not gone a minute! After him! Scour the country! He cannot escape!"

He was flying to the door after the troopers, who were rushing down-stairs at breakneck speed, when the form of the young lady who was still keeping up her excited cries caught his eye.

He paused and turned suddenly towards her, snatching the disguising hood from her head.

"Ha! It is you then?" he cried furiously. "Fool that I was to despise a woman's threats. I might have sworn you'd make trouble."

"You defied me, Sergeant Kerr," she coolly replied. "Have I not kept my word?"

"Yes, blast you! You have got your lover out. I might have known he was some chap you were sweet on. If I catch him, I will hang him. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

She had turned deadly pale as she heard his coarse allusion. If she had dared, she would have stopped his mouth with her hands. She was thinking of the other ears that must have heard these words. She was thinking something of still deeper significance to her. Was he in any sense her lover? Was it love that impelled her to these risks in his behalf? She had not thought of it in that light. Her brain throbbed with the sudden weight of a new, disturbing thought.

Yes, she felt fully the danger of a moment's loss of self-possession. Much as passed through her mind, her pause was but a momentary one. It seemed to be but a natural disquiet at Sergeant Kerr's harsh threat.

"You must catch your rabbit before you can kill him," she said, with well-affected coolness. "I don't fancy that your slow-footed and thick-headed soldiers will make much headway in catching him."

"Then I will!" he cried, with an oath. "If he gives me the slip he will want to be sharp as a weasel."

Down the stairs he went almost in a single bound.

Madge stood almost unable to move from the rush of varying emotions. But this was but for a moment. Then with a hysterical laugh of triumph she dashed to the locked door, nervously turned the key and flung it open.

"Quick!" she cried. "There is but a moment! They may return!"

"I heard what that man said," he ejaculated, in a deep whisper.

"No matter what he said," was her almost shrewish answer, as she tore her hand from his and turned away.

He could see the deep blush that dyed her face beneath the disguising paint upon her cheeks.

"Every moment has life or death in its hands!" she continued. "Follow me!"

Down the stairs with light steps she sped, he as rapidly following.

"In there!" she cried, throwing open the door of a room in the second story. "It is Letty Snyder's room. You will not be disturbed there. Keep quiet till you hear from me."

He turned, as the door closed, to see before him the rosy occupant of the room. At the same moment the voices of returning soldiers could be heard below.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTY SNYDER ON GUARD.

The force under command of Sergeant Kerr consisted of but ten men, Captain Conrad having taken the remainder of the small detachment with him.

The greater number of these had mounted, under direction of the Sergeant, and were rapidly riding through the neighboring roads and lanes, and across the open fields, in pursuit of the fugitive. The night was clear, the moon some five days old, and it was sufficiently light to render this movement possible.

The hasty return of part of this pursuing party was caused by a suspicion which had flitted across the active mind of Sergeant Kerr.

That outrageous young woman had humbugged him to his eyes. Might she not still be humbugging him? Might she not have sent them on a wild goose chase to get them out of the way? To his mind there was no limit to the deceitful possibilities of a girl's brain. The chap might have been hid somewhere in the house till they could be got out of reach.

Sergeant Kerr was a man of few words but quick decision. To decide, with him, was to act. In an instant he turned and with the single trooper who accompanied him, rode furiously back to the house.

But his fair antagonist was as quick as he. Her plan of action had been already settled upon with her sworn ally, Letty Snyder, who was half smitten herself with the prisoner, and quite ready to aid him.

Fully trusting him in this young lady's hands, Madge flew up stairs on hearing the voices of the returned troopers, locked the communicating door between the two rooms, and dropped the key out of the open window.

That done she seated herself on the only chair in the room and awaited developments.

Indeed she needed a moment's rest and time to recover her faculties. A revulsion from the intense excitement of the past five minutes came upon her, and her brain reeled with a sense of faintness as she leaned back listlessly in the chair.

There was more than exhaustion to occasion this feeling. There had been other than physical excitement during these stirring minutes. Allen Brook's demeanor towards herself, what did it signify? He had always before been simply friendly and attentive. He was now warm, passionate, earnest. There was a light in his eye, a tone in his voice, such as she had never seen or heard before. What did these signify? Was it the love she had known only by name before? And this new revelation which had come to herself; this sense of shrinking from the soldier's coarse assertion; this fierce throbbing of the heart; this painful sense of color in the face; this shamefacedness which had suddenly come upon her for the first time: What did they signify? She knew not; she was too young in sentiment to read the secret signs of the soul truly; but she found her brain filled with a sensation of the deepest joy, a thrilling sense of happiness, without tangible cause, permeating her entire being. She asked not herself: Is this love? She could for the present but feel, and clasp to her soul the warm image of a new heart life which had before been to her an unknown existence.

She was roused from this happy reverie by the hasty entrance of Sergeant Kerr and his attendant. The wrinkled face of the dried up old petty officer was distorted with an ire that was full of spitefulness.

"So, you are here, mistress," he cried, striding across the room and seizing her rudely by the arm. "What have you done with that fellow? Answer, or it will be worse for you."

Her reply was to spring up from the chair and snatch her arm forcibly from his brutal grasp.

"I thought you were a man, Sergeant Kerr," she indignantly replied. "I did not take you for a brute."

"You took me for a fool," was his angry response, and you didn't miss it much. But I ain't fool enough to be sold twice for the same money. That pretty lover of yours is hid somewhere in this house, and I am going to root him out."

He looked her keenly in the face as he spoke. With a great effort she kept her features from displaying the fear that came upon her at his words.

"You are welcome to find him if you can," she coolly replied. "You were going to catch him so fast in the fields. Why didn't you? I fancy you will have no better luck here. There is but one way of escape from this room. Ask your guard if the prisoner passed him on the stairs."

"Here is another room," answered the Sergeant, more coolly. "Perhaps you have caged him in here."

"Perhaps so," she replied.

He tried the door. It was locked.

"Ask Snyder for the key of this room," he said to the soldier behind him.

During the absence of the latter, the two antagonists stood in utter silence, looking each other full in the face, the Sergeant's crabbed countenance full of sour decision; Madge's fresh young face wearing a look of tantalizing triumph that embittered him yet more.

"The key can't be found," said the soldier returning. "Snyder says somebody has been meddling with it."

"I thought so," said the Sergeant, with a triumphant glance towards his fair foe. "But I've got a key, my lady, that will let me into the cage of your pretty lover."

He proved his words by a fierce blow with the butt of his musket upon the lock of the door.

The weak lock gave way. The door flew wide open, revealing an empty room.

A moment's observation convinced the Sergeant of this fact. The light laugh of his opponent added to his discomfiture. He came trampling heavily back.

"I ain't sold yet, you grinning little witch," he cried. "You got us all like a parcel of blind apes, out of the house. You had the chance to hide him where you pleased. I will search the house through but I find him. And don't think that you're going to get out of it so easy. You're my prisoner till he is found, if it's a year to come. You were so keen to get him out of this room, I'll leave you here to think over his pretty face."

"You've got first to catch your rabbit, Sergeant Kerr," was her quick rejoinder, as she darted past the irate soldier with the rapid flight of a bird, and in an instant was tripping down stairs, her gay laugh of disdain borne back to his maddened senses.

With a deep curse he raised his musket, his heart full of rage. Whether he would have fired or not cannot be said. Ere he had an opportunity the soldier beside him threw up the barrel of the weapon.

"Let the girl go," he briefly said. "It is the man we are after."

By this time some others of the troopers had returned from their unsuccessful quest.

These were stationed by the Sergeant on guard at the different entrances to the inn, while he, with the soldier who accompanied him, entered upon a systematic search of the house.

From garret to cellar they went, the innkeeper with them.

"Open this door," said the Sergeant to Snyder, pointing to the entrance of a room on the second floor, having first stationed the trooper at the head of the stairs, that no one might pass them while in the several rooms.

"No, no," said the innkeeper, shaking his stolid head, "you can't go in there."

"What's the reason I can't?" was the sharp rejoiner.

"That's my daughter Letty's room. She's gone to bed. You can't go in there."

"Then she'll have to get out of bed, and in a hurry, that's all."

"There's no man there, I tell you."

"Shut your pipes, Snyder, and bid the girl get up," was the surly rejoinder of the Sergeant.

"Never mind, daddy, I'll let the bear in," came in ireful tones from the young lady inside, "if he'll give me time to dress for his distinguished company.

"Hurry up then," was the harsh reply. "You're not generally very particular.

"Not for such creatures as you, old Kerr," was the disrespectful answer that came through the door.

A minute's bustle was heard within as if the young lady was tossing things around generally in her angry haste.

"All right, now let the bear in," she cried. "If he finds a man here I hope he will eat him alive."

Snyder opened the door and revealed the impassioned young lady seated in a half reclining position, on the edge of the bed, a shawl drawn round her ample shoulders, her hair falling in dishevelled masses about her face, a shoe on one foot, the other bare, and tapping the floor to a petulant tune.

"Here you are now, Mr. Kerr," she said with an assumption of courtesy in her manner, "and I am obliged for your politeness, in forcing yourself into a lady's bed chamber after she had retired for the night. Go ahead now, find your man, and get him out of here as quick as you can."

The appearance of the bed seemed to confirm her words. It was disordered as if she had hastily risen at the Sergeant's demand.

The latter, with a slight sense of shame, went to work with a haste that was somewhat increased by the angry young lady's running commentary.

"The closet now, Sergeant. Don't tear my dresses, they are all I've got. Maybe you will find the fellow inside of one of them. Yes, under that table. The cover comes to the floor, you see. Look under the bed, Sergeant, that's a famous place for men to hide. Not there? Where can he be then? There is a pill box on the mantel. Did you look in that? And there's my bandbox, Sergeant. Just slip off the lid and look in. There is nothing there to hurt you."

"Oh, hold your tongue, Letty," said her father, as the Sergeant went about his disagreeable task with a face that was momentarily growing redder.

"I reckon it's my room, daddy, I'm going to do the honors to my visitor. You didn't look in the bed, Mr. Kerr. Maybe you'll find him there. I just got up myself; but that's nothing. You'd best look."

The Sergeant made a movement as if he meant to take her at her word. But he was evidently embarrassed with the close attentions of his hostess. He hesitated a moment.

"Oh, come, Mr. Kerr," she said, with a keen glitter in her eyes, "you are not going to draw back now? It's quite likely you'll find the chap there."

"That girl of yours wants a bridle on her tongue, Snyder," he answered, as he turned angrily away.

"Maybe you'd like to put it there, Mr. Kerr!" she cried, bouncing up, and standing before him in angry beauty.

"No," said he, retreating from her flashing eyes. "I'd sooner bridle a young colt. Come, Snyder, the man is not here."

"Here's luck for you," she rejoined, picking up her shoe which lay on the floor and flinging it after her discomfited visitor with so true an aim as to hit him on the shins. "An old shoe brings luck you know."

"If your daddy was to take the slipper to you it might bring you luck," was the parting benediction of the Sergeant.

Letty stood at the open door for several minutes, watching them as they went from room to room, her eyes sparkling with a different light from that which had just filled them, her cheeks doubly rosy.

Not till they had finished their unsuccessful search on the second floor, and gone down to the ground floor, did she re-enter the room, slamming the door loudly after her, and turning the key in the lock.

The next movement was rather an odd one. It was to lift the feather bed which served her as a coverlet in these cold winter nights, and look eagerly beneath it.

"Are you most smothered?" she asked.

"Nearly," came a stifled voice from below.

"They are out of hearing now, you can get out. I don't think Mr. Kerr will come back after the house warming I gave him."

The form of Allen Brooks slowly emerged from his smothering hiding place.

"What ailed you to ask him to examine the bed?" he asked. "You sent a shiver through me as if you had poured ice water down my back."

"Do you think I would have let him insult me by doing it?" she hotly answered. "If he had laid a hand on the bed, he would have had a specimen of Letty Snyder's temper. I would have pitched Sergeant Kerr down stairs head foremost."

Allen Brooks looked admiringly at the athletic form of the young lady and decided that she was indulging in no idle boast.

"You are to stay here till things are quiet below," she said. "I played off my bare foot on him nicely," she continued, laughing, as she proceeded to put on her shoe. "In an hour or two you can safely slip out of the window. The porch is just below. You must drop to the ground like a ghost, and make off like a fox."

"But Madge!" he asked anxiously, "What have they done with her?"

"She is to sleep with me to-night," answered Letty. "There she is now," as a light tap came on the door." "She can speak for herself."

It was with no cold clasp that Allen took the hand of the lady who now entered. Nor was the light that shone from the eyes that now looked into each other that cool lustre which beams in merely friendly eyes.

But the presence of Letty Snyder forbade more than mere looks. She was no young lady to play second fiddle to a scene of love-making. Her suppressed laugh, and her low, mocking tones added to the effect of Madge's earnest account of how she had outwitted the valiant Sergeant, and the three whispering friends were as happy as birds for the next hour.

At the end of that time Letty stole down stairs. She soon returned, reporting all quiet and the night pitch dark.

The window was slowly raised. He slipped out on to the porch. A warm hand-shake, a low good-night to both, then he disappeared in the darkness. A low thud came to their ears as his feet touched the ground. Then all was silence and gloom.

CHAPTER X.

ROGER LAWSON'S MISSION.

We must return to the banks of the Delaware, yet guarded by Washington's enfeebled army.

Much as it had been weakened by the ending of the periods of enlistment of the militia, it was threatened with far more serious losses by the 1st of January, on which date the terms of the great majority of the army would expire.

Every effort was made to induce the men to extend their time; but the most of them had left their families, their occupations or their farms almost at a moment's notice, and felt not only a natural desire, but a strong necessity to return and look after their private affairs.

The efforts to strengthen the army by fresh enlistments were little more successful, though Philadelphia and the surrounding country were occupied by energetic recruiting officers.

Added to all this was the fear that the enemy, who must have been in some measure acquainted with the condition of the army, would find means to cross the river and attack them in their disorganized state.

This was the most pressing danger. Though the eastern shores of the river had been swept clear of boats, yet materials could be easily procured, and means devised to cross a smooth and, at that point, not very wide river. There was every reason to apprehend that preparations for crossing were being made. The results of a successful passage of the stream by the British army no one could fully foresee, but there was every cause for the gravest apprehension.

Exact information as to the real movements of the enemy was earnestly desired by the chief officers of the army, though just how to obtain this knowledge was not easily to be devised. The spies who had heretofore been useful to the Americans had lost their usefulness, some by becoming known to the foe, others by the decisive means of the bullet or the rope.

It was not easy, at a moment's notice, to procure a trust-worthy person willing to risk his life in this perilous service. The British were alert, and would give but short shrift to any one detected in any close inspection of their lines.

This was the condition of affairs on that pleasant morning in late December when Roger Lawson appeared in the American camp in the vicinity of Washington's headquarters. These were fixed, at present, opposite Trenton, and the troops so disposed as to keep a close watch upon movements across the river.

While Madge Lawson was engaged, as related in the last chapter, in efforts to release Allen Brooks from his prison, her father had taken this journey with the object of using what influence he could bring to bear in his behalf.

With this purpose he sought out Colonel McLane, with whom he had some acquaintance.

This officer was seated in the door of his tent, basking in the pleasant sunshine, and greeted him cordially as he approached.

"What has brought you so far, Mr. Lawson?" he asked. "Have you come to join us?"

"Hardly," said the old Royalist, with a grimace. "I am too old to bear arms."

"And not too well disposed to aid us," said the officer, looking up keenly.

"Men of my age do not change readily, Colonel McLane," was the calm reply. "This much, at least, you can depend on—I have no intention to operate against you."

"That I can well believe," said the officer, courteously. "Be seated, Mr. Lawson. Can I be of any service?"

"I hope so," said the farmer, as he took the proffered seat, which was nothing more luxurious than the low stump of a tree.

"I will be happy to oblige you," said the Colonel.

"My object is this, sir," said the dignified old man. "Some of your men, under command of Captain Conrad, have arrested a young acquaintance of mine on a serious charge. I come here on his behalf to learn the cause of this action."

"A friend of yours, Mr. Lawson?" said the Colonel, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask his name?"

"It is Allen Brooks."

"So Conrad seems to have succeeded then?" was the Colonel's answer. "Did he object to telling you the cause of this man's arrest?"

"He arrested him as a spy, he says—a charge which I deem perfectly preposterous."

"What do you know about Allen Brooks?" asked the Colonel, interrupting.

"That he is a high-minded, generous, noble young man, incapable of a base or underhand action. This charge must be unfounded."

"But about his life? How does he employ his time?"

"That I do not know," said the old man, with some hesitation. "He is a recent acquaintance, and I have asked no questions about his business."

"Does he need questioning? Is he so secret?"

"He does not talk of his affairs. No gentleman does," said Mr. Lawson, with much dignity.

"Where does he live?"

"In Germantown, I believe," was the doubtful answer.

"You believe. Then you do not know. In fact, Mr. Lawson, you are endorsing a man about whom you seem to know next to nothing, and who takes the best of care that you shall know no more."

"You have made it seem so by your questions," said the old man, much disturbed. "I have more reasons than I have been able to give in these few answers for my faith in Mr. Brooks."

"Proceed then; I will be glad to learn your reasons," said the Colonel, nonchalantly.

Mr. Lawson hesitated a moment, as if in doubt how to proceed. He then asked, abruptly:

"Why is he arrested? What is the charge against him?"

"That is rather more to the point, my dear sir. You may have been too quick in assuming that we have acted hastily. Allen Brooks—"

"Is a spy in the pay of the British," said a deep voice near them. "We have not acted without warrant."

Colonel McLane looked up somewhat displeased at this interruption.

"What is your warrant, sir?" asked Mr. Lawson, drawing up his form haughtily.

"That we may not feel disposed to make public, especially to one of your well known opinions."

"There is no occasion for secrecy," said another voice, near by. "If this gentleman is a friend of the accused he should be frankly told the charges against him. It is known that he has been closeted with both the British commanders."

"Does that prove him a spy?" asked Mr. Lawson, sturdily.

"He afterwards came into our lines, secretly inspected our appointments, and returned with the information to the British."

"Have you positive proof of this?" asked the old man, with a sinking heart. "If the Royal commanders know so well your weakness, why do they hesitate?"

"They are waiting, I presume, for the river to freeze over," said Colonel McLane.

"What does this mean? Has Brooks been taken?" said a grave voice near them.

They turned to behold General Washington.

"He is a prisoner," said the Colonel, "if my hasty men have not already hung him."

"I hope there has been no such insubordination," said Washington, severely. "I shall permit no such lawless actions to pass unpunished."

"Captain Conrad is fully to be trusted," said the Colonel. "But he had occasion to be absent, and the men might prove unruly."

"It's the prisoner that's been unruly in this case," said a sharp voice at a short distance. "Stead of waiting his chance to be hung, like a law-abiding citizen, he has cut stick, broke jail and slid."

All turned to see before them the sandy-whiskered, freckled Jerseyman, who had carried off the sloop in the face of the British army.

"What do you mean, sirrah?" cried McLane, starting up. "Has the prisoner escaped?"

"I mean that I met Captain Conrad riding like mad back to his post. I heered from one of his troopers that Brooks had slid."

There was a decided sensation at these words. Washington turned with a dignified motion towards the speaker.

"This is important information you bring, sir," he said. "Where did you meet Captain Conrad?"

"Near Norristown. I reckon he was on the same game as I was, after Captain Fitz. Anyhow, the brave Fitz give us both the slip. I've brung you back the horse, and I'm off for my home in the Jerseys."

"Do you not fear that the British will repay you for the bold trick you played them?" asked the Colonel.

"Bless you, no," said the countryman, "Bet I'll go from end to end of their lines and not a soul know me."

Washington, who had listened in a half revery, started at these words, an earnest look coming upon his face. He touched the speaker on the arm, and walked aside, followed by the talkative Jerseyman.

"It seems that the object of my errand is accomplished, without any assistance on your part," said Mr. Lawson, with some triumph in his tone. "I am obliged to you though, Colonel McLane, for your kindness to one who is not always well treated in the American lines."

"We have little politeness to waste on Tories," spoke the same gruff voice which had before interrupted.

"Mr. Lawson is my friend, General," said the Colonel, with some heat. "As such, he has placed himself under my protection for the present. He is a Royalist, I admit, but an honest one. I am no fonder of Tories in general than you are."

He walked away with an offended air, followed by Mr. Lawson. The person thus addressed bit his lip, and seemed with difficulty to repress a sharp answer.

"It's a bargain then, General Washington," said Perce Brown, after an extended conversation. "I'm jest going through them Britishers like a possum through a persimmon tree. If they're wider awake than I am, its the wuss for me. But I've a notion in my head piece that they haint. I bet three shillings I'll tell you all about them inside a week, and wont have a creak in my neck, nor a hole in my carcass. Excuse me for speaking so plain. It's the way I was brung up, and I can't help it."

A grave smile was on Washington's face as they turned away again, still conversing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVI.

"E'EN AT TURNING O' THE TIDE."

Cynthia took her place at the Squire's bedside, and assumed the care of the sick room with as much calmness and self-possession as if she had been trained in a city hospital. That intense faith which made the two Wesleys so strong to resist all earthly opposition, is the staff and anchor of all true followers in that wide school which they and Whitefield founded. Joshua's young wife had no fear that her strength would fail her in this ordeal. Whatever strength she needed would be given to her.

It was not a pleasing or easy task either, this attendance upon an irritable old man who had served no apprenticeship to sickness, and to whom acute bodily pain was almost a new thing.

"Mrs. Haggard has been so good as to come to nurse you, father," said Oswald, when he brought Cynthia to the bedside.

The Squire looked at the small grey figure—"a shadow like an angel with bright hair"—doubtfully.

"I don't know that girl," he said. "Your mother was never so pretty."

"Will you let her nurse you, father?" inquired Oswald.

"I don't want nursing, I only want to be let alone. Give me something to drink," said the Squire, with some inconsistency.

Cynthia examined the table by the bed, upon which empty medicine bottles, discarded poultices, rags, and dirty tumblers were crowded in unseemly confusion. There was an uncorked bottle, containing half a tumbler of claret.

"Does your father drink that wine?" asked Cynthia, as she washed a tumbler swiftly, while the Squire expressed a general sense of discomfort by feeble moanings.

"Yes, the doctor says he may have claret, but no other wine."

Cynthia put the tumbler in the wasted hand, which clutched it with a tremulous eagerness, and supported the old man while he drank. She seemed to have a natural capacity and handiness which made these offices of charity easy to her.

"Phœbe will get you anything you want," said Oswald, looking on helplessly.

Phœbe was standing on the other side of the bed, breathing hard and staring at Mrs. Haggard, open-mouthed and open-eyed, as at a supernatural appearance.

But, on being thus referred to, she made a curtesy, and said she should be pleased to wait upon the lady.

"And do you really think you shall be able to get on?" asked Oswald.

"I shall get on very nicely. You need not be anxious, Mr. Pentreath. It will be best for your father to be kept very quiet."

"Yes, I daresay. I'll go to my own room. It's on this floor, and I shall be at hand if my father should ask for me. You'll send for me if he does, won't you."

"Yes, Phœbe shall come."

Oswald lingered by the bedside before going away, and bent over his father with that helpless feeling which robust youth has in the presence of suffering age. It can pity, but can hardly sympathise. If it could share the burthen in any way, take half the pain, or understand that agony.

"How are you feeling now, father?" asked the son.

"I feel as if a wolf was gnawing me, that's all," gasped the old man. "Go away. You only keep the air from me."

Cynthia found a screen in one corner of the room, and this she placed as a guard against the keen edge of the draught. She had a conviction that the sufferer needed air, but she was not going to do anything rash or reckless.

"Tell me what the doctor said about the leeches, and the poultices, and everything that is to be done, Phœbe," she said.

At midnight Oswald looked into the room again. His father was sleeping the fitful, painful slumber of disease. Phœbe was snoring by the fire. Cynthia was seated by the bedside, reading her pocket Bible by the dim candle-light. What a graceful figure it was in the neatly-fitting grey stuff gown, the Puritan muslin kerchief crossed over the delicately-moulded bust, the little white cap giving a matronly air to the bright young face!

The room seemed changed since Cynthia's coming. The accummulated litter of the past week had been carried off. Everything was in its place, snowy linen on the bed, the hearth neatly swept a small bright fire in the shining grate, a cheerful homelike air in the room which a few hours ago had looked so desolate. And all had been done quietly, with the least possible inconvenience to the invalid.

"Has he been long asleep?" asked Oswald.

"About half an hour. I read to him a little before he went off."

"Out of your Bible?"

"Yes."

"Did he like you're doing that?"

"I think that it soothed him."

Oswald could hardly realize the idea of his father being instructed in the Scriptures by a Methodist preacher's wife. It seemed a general upheaving of things.

This went on for many days and nights. The Squire's life seemed to tremble in the balance, though the doctor had made up his mind which way the balance was to turn at last. For many days and nights, without weariness or murmuring, Cynthia performed the painful tasks of the sick room, and was full of love and care for this grim old man, who, in his weakness, seemed like a baby in her arms, and was fain to submit to be ministered to as a baby might have done. While caring for this poor mortal body of his, she was full of tender anxiety for his imperishable soul; and this disciple of Tom Paine was fain to listen to that ineffable story which even the most hardened unbeliever must hear with some touch of love and awe. Cynthia had not been taught to be doubtful of death-bed conversions; in her direct and positive creed this sinner—who perhaps, in all his life, had never done a good action or sacrificed a selfish desire—was as near the gates of heaven as the man of spotless life and active benevolence, could he but be brought to acknowledge his unworthiness, to believe in the all-atoning Sacrifice which had been made for him, to accept in implicit faith the pardon that God was for ever holding out to sinners. A Shibboleth, perhaps, this parrot cry of instantaneous conversion, but this Shibboleth was to Cynthia a great reality.

Curious it must have seemed to the ear of the listener—had there been any one by—to hear this child fighting Satan beside that dying-bed; arguing with the unbelieving mind, sharpened and hardened by fifty years' mature worldliness; pleading, praying, repeating divinest messages of compassion and love. The Squire heard her patiently, which was much. One night she sang one of Wesley's hymns, in a low sweet voice. The sound pleased and soothed the sick man, and after this he often bade her sing to him. Oswald paced the corridor softly sometimes of an evening, listening to te those clear and pure tones, which had a soothing influence for him as well as for his father.

"I wish you would let my husband come and read to you, Mr. Pentreath," Cynthia ventured to say one afternoon when the Squire seemed a little better than usual, and quite free from pain.

"Your husband! Who is he?"

"Joshua Haggard."

"What, the Ranter? No; I'll have none of his preaching. He's a decent fellow, in his way, and has made money. My son is going to marry his daughter; but I'll have no ranting. I won't have fire and brimstone pelted at me on my death-bed. You may read what you like; it does no harm."

"I don't think you know what kind of man my husband is," remonstrated Cynthia, gently.

"Don't I! I know what field preachers are! You may hear 'em a mile off, raving about Sodom and Gomorrah and the worm that never dies. Haggard preached in the fields before he built that chapel of his. I'll have none of his howling."

This was discouraging; but the Established Church, which, represented by a port-winey vicar of the good old school, had called politely, during the Squire's illness, to offer his ministrations, had also been kept at arm's-length by Mr. Pentreath, who swore that no tithe-pig parson should cross the threshold of his chamber while he had sense enough to forbid him.

Oswald showed considerable anxiety about Cynthia's comfort during this weary time of watching, and Joshua came to the Grange at least once a day to see for himself that his wife was not injuring her health by this work of charity. The acute attack of bronchitis had been conquered, chiefly by Cynthia's nursing, as the doctor frankly acknowledged; but the foe left the citadel in so dilapidated a state, that the cessation of active disease was by no means a warrant for the patient's recovery. The lamp flickered in the socket, and might at any moment be suddenly extinguished. The worn-out frame was not easily to be patched up by high feeding and stimulants, quinine or iron.

CHAPTER XVII.

EBBING.

Once in every day Joshua Haggard came up to the long gallery, where the family portraits faced the searching north-west light, which showed every crack in the surface, for a brief interview with his young wife.

"I'm afraid you are not getting enough rest, dearest," he said, turning the small pale face towards the spring sunshine, and looking at it with anxious scrutiny.

"Yes, indeed, Joshua. I have some hours' sleep every day, while Phœbe watches for me. I let her sleep at night, poor girl; for it seems so painful to her to keep her eyes open after the clock has struck ten."

"I am pleased for you to do this good work, my love. I am proud of you; but, remember that you have my happiness in charge. You must not sacrifice health even to duty—for my sake."

He advanced this plea with a consciousness of its weakness, its selfishness.

"I walk in the garden every day when it is fine," said Cynthia, anxious to reassure him as to her well-being. "Naomi and Oswald take me for a little walk every afternoon. It's such a happiness to me to see her, dear girl."

"Yes, she has told me about your walks together. I am pleased to think of your being so united; I feared there was a want of sympathy on Naomi's part."

"No, Joshua. She has always been good to me; but I think we have been more drawn together since the Squire's illness. How glad I shall be when he gets well, and we can have the wedding; I want to see Naomi in that lovely grey silk. Does Dr. Harrow say that he soon will be well?"

"Dr. Harrow does not seem very hopeful; he thinks his patient in a sadly weak state."

"But that racking cough is almost gone, and we shall soon make him strong."

"I hope so, dear; but there is a disease called old age. The Squire has lived a hard life. He did not spare himself in his youth, when he gave himself up to what the world calls pleasure, and he has not spared himself of late years, while he has been a slave to Mammon. The thread of life is worn very thin, my love."

This was a disappointment to Cynthia, who had begun to hope for the Squire's recovery. He was not an agreeable old man, but she had nursed him and cared for him, and she had grown in somewise attached to him. Oswald looked on wonderingly while she bent over the bed, soothing her charge with pretty tender speeches, supporting the grizzled head, holding the feverish hand, feeding the grim old sufferer as lovingly as if he had been a pet bird.

"How good you are!" he exclaimed one day. "Is it in the nature of all women to be so tender? I can just remember my mother nursing me in some small illness, and she was like you; but then I was her favorite son, the creature she loved best on earth, as they tell me. You come here to nurse a stranger, and yet your tenderness for him seems inexhaustible."

"I am so sorry for your poor father that I cannot help loving him," Cynthia answered, simply.

"Ah! I see; that is what the old saw means: 'Pity is akin to love.'"

Those walks with Naomi and her lover were a delight to Cynthia at this time; so keen a delight, that it sometimes occurred to her this pleasure might be sinful, a snare and a temptation which she ought in somewise to resist; for Joshua's teaching dwelt much upon snares, and the liability of weak human nature to be led astray by inclination.

After close confinement in the sick-room, the very air of heaven was a source of rapture. The bright spring afternoon, the windy sky with patches of deepest blue shining through white fleecy clouds, and just one dark cloud overhead, holding the promise of an April shower; the daffodils waving with every gust; the yellow chestnut buds just unfolding; the tender young ferns peeping up through the mossy ground in sheltered places, snake fern and adder fern—what could be more beautiful than the neglected old manor at such a season? Even the dark-red cattle had a friendly air, Cynthia thought, and looked at her with grave kindliness.

Never had Naomi been so kind or so loving to the poor little stepmother; and Oswald, who had seemed quite a remote unsympathetic personage a little while ago, came now so near as to be almost brotherly in his kindness—he was so grateful for Cynthia's devotion to his sick father.

For the space of an hour by Oswald's watch, these three perambulated the path on the skirts of the wood, making fresh discoveries of nature's progress every day, and admiring the wonder of this gradual yet swift awakening of old mother earth after the dreary winter sleep. How quickly the flower buds opened, and the little curled-up leaflets widened into leaves; here, under last year's dead branches, are the ferns of next summer; the willows are yellow-green already; the mossy ground is enamelled with primroses and bluest violets.

"Please God the poor old father picks up strength, we shall be married before the hawthorns are in flower," said Oswald to his betrothed.

Naomi's only answer was a sigh; for her father had told her how little hope the doctor entertained of his patient's recovery.

There was an appearance of improvement, however, at this time which deceived Oswald and Cynthia and the good-hearted drudge, Phœbe. The Squire's cough was almost gone, though his breathing was still troublesome, and his wits somewhat given to wander in the pauses of wakefulness between his brief slumbers; he was able to be moved from his bed to the great easy-chair, in which spacious piece of furniture he looked like a living mummy, propped up with pillows. This seemed a great advance upon his condition of ten days ago; and Oswald fancied him on the high road to recovery—an opinion shared by the patient himself, though in querulous moments he declared that he shouln't trouble anybody long, and that Oswald would soon have the handling of the estate.

"And a nice mess he will make of it, for he knows no more of business than a baby," grumbled the Squire.

Seeing her charge so far restored, and believing his recovery an assured thing, despite her husband's despondent view of the case, Cynthia was now anxious to return to her home duties. Those duties were not manifold, certainly, since Judith Haggard was the mainspring of the household machine; but Cynthia was at least her husband's companion, and she knew she was sorely missed by him. She had carefully instructed Phœbe in all the offices of the sick-room and felt that she might now leave the Squire to that damsel's care, with just a little supervision and assistance from Oswald, who was a light sleeper, and might look in upon the invalid now and then of a night to give him his lemonade or his medicine.

When, however, Mrs. Haggard ventured to hint at departure, the Squire's distress was pitiful to behold. Could she be so cruel as to talk of leaving him when but for her he should be in his grave? If she left him, he should die. Phœbe nurse him, indeed! Phœbe would murder him, with her big rough hands and her clumsy ways. He might die in his bed at any hour, with not a soul to help him, while Phœbe was snoring like a pig by the fireside. That girl thought of nothing but sleeping and eating; she was a lump of selfishness, like all the rest of his servants.

The old man shed tears; and the tears of feeble age are sad to see. What could Cynthia do? The tender heart, in which love and pity were the ruling instincts, was moved to the deepest compassion. She told her husband of the Squire's distress, and he said stay.

"Stay, my love, if you can bear the trial of witnessing the end. It will not be long.

"Does the doctor really think he will die?"

"Yes, dear; the doctor is quite hopeless. Nothing less than a miracle could save him, he says, and God has ceased to work miracles for our worthless mortal bodies. His supernatural dealings are with our souls.

"Then I would not leave him on any account."

"You have never seen death, Cynthia. You are not afraid to face the end?"

"No," she answered bravely; I fear nothing since you have taught me where to put my trust."

So Cynthia stayed and ministered to the departing sinner, and made these last days of his life sweeter to him than all the arid years of his widowhood in which human affection had been as dead in him as if he had been one of those conical stones which antiquity chose for its gods. He had grown really attached to his fair young nurse, and submitted to her with a senile docility.

"If I had had a daughter like you, my dear, I should have been a better man," he said.

"You have had a good son, dear Mr. Pentreath."

"Yes, Oswald has never given me any trouble; but there's not much in him—a young man to be drawn any way. I'm afraid he'll spend money like water. It's a hard thing to know one must lie in one's grave, not able to move a finger, while one's property is being made ducks and drakes of. That's the sting of death."

"No, no, dear friend; the sting of death is sin."

"And isn't it sinful to fool away a fine estate?" cried the Squire, testily.

Wheeled close up to the glowing hearth in his big arm-chair, with a tumbler of warm negus, weak and harmless but soothing to the spirits, on the little table at his elbow, the Squire listened with great complacency to Cynthia's Scripture reading. If the Bible had been something less than it is, the keen old man would hardly have tolerated it, for he started with a strong prejudice in its disfavor. But the mighty Book compelled his attention, and seemed to appeal to him individually with a force his mental weakness could not withstand.

Oswald now began to spend his afternoons in the sick-room, save that one hour which he spent out-of-doors with Cynthia and Naomi. The Squire liked to have him there, and was fond of calling his attention to certain passages of Scripture, which, in the father's mind, bore upon his son's deficiencies. Oswald was the most patient listener to that pious reading, to those touching Wesleyan hymns which Cynthia used to sing in the gathering twilight. Joshua, while following that sect of Primitive Methodists and field preachers, which the Rev. Hugh Bourne had founded early in the century, had adopted the Wesleyan hymn-book, and differed from the modern Wesleyans chiefly in his closer adherence to the principles of their pious founder.

Sad, yet not unpleasing, days gliding gently by in that quiet chamber; a spacious bedroom, oak-panelled, with three deep-set windows, a carved mantelpiece, six feet high, and a curious old basket gate set round with blue and white Dutch tiles, Scriptural illustrations to which the Squire referred now and then when Cynthia was reading.

"David! ah! there he is slaying Goliath—the third from the top. I remember when I was a boy I used to take him for Jack the Giant-killer. And David was a sinner, was he, though the Lord loved him? Ah! the Lord had need to be fond of me, for I've been a great sinner. I wonder if John Wilkes is in heaven?"

Sweet slow days, which hardly left a trace behind them, one being so like another, save a vague memory of a pleasing sadness. It seemed to Oswald, by-and-by, as if all his life were shut in this grave old room, and the outside world were something in which he had no part. Naomi noticed that his manner was dreamy and absent-minded at this change which she ascribed to natural anxiety about his father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why Will They Do It.

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analysed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York City.

Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin.

Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

A TRYST WITH THE DEAD.

BY ELLEN E. REXFORD.

Night foldeth round about me
Her wings of shadowy gloom,
And evening brings its silence
To fill my lonely room.
Grey dreary clouds go drifting
Across a drearier sky,
And in this lonesome twilight
Oh! who so lone as I?

No voices whisper softly
My name in accents low;
No kind hands on my forehead
In tender touch I know.
No faces, full of brightness,
Shine on me thro' the gloom;
Would God my eyes could see them
To-night within my room.

Oh hush! I hear a whisper!
Did some one call my name?
In days I well remember
I heard it just the same.
Oh! was it but the murmur
Of winds about my door,
Or are my lost ones coming
To visit me once more?

I feel upon my forehead
A touch, and lo my hand
Another's hand is lying,
And all around me stand
My loved ones, whom the angels
Called heavenward years ago,
Come back to him who misses
Their love-lit faces so.

The gloom fades out, as shadows
Flee in the morning's gleam,
And listening to their voices
I wonder if I dream.
I see the dear old faces,
Touched with a rapture sweet,
And all my cares have flown away,
For earth and heaven meet.

But oh! if this is dreaming,
Then let me dream I pray!
For lonesome thoughts have vanished,
And sorrow gone away.
Oh world, go on without me!
Drift far and far away,
And leave my loved ones with me
Forevermore, I pray.

MRS. MELVILLE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

CHAPTER I.

"Your name, Madam?"

"Mrs. Melville."

As the lady spoke, she threw back her long black veil, revealing a face young and dazzling beautiful.

"A widow?"

"Yes, sir; a widow with an only child. On account of the ill health of my child, I wish to leave New York for the country. My family will consist of myself and maid, child, nurse and gardener.

"Exactly."

Mr. Ashburnum considered.

"My son, the owner of the furnished cottage at Longfields, is absent; but as it was his intention to let it for the season, and as you would probably be a satisfactory tenant, I will order the carriage, and we will drive over there in order that you may examine the premises."

"By no means, sir. I have my carriage at the gate, if you will accept a seat in it."

Mr. Ashburnum bowed, impressed by a certain regal dignity in Mrs. Melville's manner. She was evidently a person of assured position, as well as wealth and beauty. It certainly seemed desirable that she should occupy Longfields cottage, and though he would ordinarily have referred an applicant to his son, Chester, he now concluded to assume the responsibility of letting the cottage to Mrs. Melville should she decide to rent it.

Her face, against the purple cushions of the carriage, was like some beautiful ivory—a creamy blonde, with glittering gold hair crimped against the oval outline; eyes as blue as *lapis lazuli*, and a complexion challenging the choicest combination of roses and lilies. In age, she seemed four-and-twenty. She had a sweetly calm and assured bearing, and seemed to understand herself and her affairs perfectly.

"It is but six months since my husband died," she said to Mr. Ashburnum "and my little child has been declining ever since, and fearing lest I should lose him too, I have been anxiously waiting for spring to open that I might have the country air for him."

"What is your child's age, Mrs. Melville?"

"Two years."

"If you decide to reside here this summer, you will find Mrs. Ashburnum very neighborly, probably, for she is very fond of children, and we have no longer any little ones," said Mr. Ashburnum.

Mrs. Melville,—smiling, bowed an acknowledgement.

"My son, Chester, is a widower of twenty-six, having married very young, and lost his wife within a year," continued Mr. Ashburnum, who manifested some of the garrulity of sixty-five years. "My daughter, Victoria, is now a young lady of twenty, and my eldest son, Sebald," a shadow swept across the father's face, "has been abroad for the last four years. We are quite tranquil in our mode of life at Summerhill, which is rather lonely sometimes. We shall be glad to welcome a few more pleasant neighbors.

The carriage had stopped at the end of the short half mile, and as Mr. Ashburnum assisted Mrs. Melville to alight, he perceived that she was slightly trembling.

"You are quite tired, madam," he said. "You must let Mrs. Ashburnum give you a cup of tea before you go back to town."

Mrs. Melville's responsive smile was most brilliant. Then she lifted her long curled lashes and looked earnestly at the cottage.

It was a small gothic structure, with a luxuriant woodbine climbing on one side, and quite an extensive lawn, with shrubbery in front. In the background the fields stretched level and velvety to the belt of woodland which bounded the estate of Longfields.

"How quiet and pretty!" said Mrs. Melville.

"Very salubrious!" responded Mr Ashburnum, unlocking the front door.

The interior was finished in the natural wood, and furnished appropriately and comfortably. Of course it lacked pictures, books, and other homelike adornments, but these could easily be supplied by the tenant, and Mrs. Melville saw that the capabilities of Longfields cottage for making a pretty home were eminently superior.

"It is charming! I could be as happy here, I think, as anywhere without my husband," she added, with a sigh.

The terms being satisfactory, in a few moments the bargain was concluded. But on her return she declined Mr. Ashburnum's repeated offer of refreshments at Summerhill, and agreeing to take possession of the premises at Longfields, the following week, drove at once to the depot at Monkton.

"To see his father was severely trying; to have seen the others would have been unendurable," she mused, half aloud, when she had reached at last her seat in the cars. "This has been a bitter day; but fortune favors me."

CHAPTER II.

A week later, Mrs. Melville was installed at Longfields. As the carriage passed the windows of Summerhill, bearing the lady, nurse and child, Mrs. Ashburnum could scarcely repress a desire to gain a nearer sight of the child, by making an unceremonious call and proffering any neighborly assistance that might be required.

Mrs. Melville stood in the little breakfast room the next morning, giving orders to her gardener, when Mrs. Ashburnum entered, and at the sight of the visitor, she started so visibly, that the elder lady hastened to say:

"Pray excuse my want of ceremony, Mrs. Melville, but I thought we might be of use to you."

"You are very, very kind; be seated," she responded, as her well-drilled maid offered the visitor a chair.

She was quite incapable of doing it herself. She trembled so that she could hardly stand. Mrs. Ashburnum, in looking about for the child, did not at first observe the trepidation of the hostess, but soon she said:

"You seem ill—very ill, Mrs. Melville."

"Only a passing ague; it is nothing. I have taken cold. You are very kind to come so soon, Mrs. Ashburnum. My little child is very unwell. I should much like your advice. Mr. Ashburnum says you are fond of children."

"Yes, indeed; pray let me see him, poor little fellow!"

After the child was brought in, the color came slowly back to Mrs. Melville's frozen face. He was a bold looking, handsome, little creature, whom Mrs. Ashburnum took in her arms and rocked on her bosom with a true motherly air.

"Teething, isn't he? and he has taken cold. Children are so apt to in a new place! I will send over a bottle of cordial as soon as I go back."

The color in Mrs. Melville's cheeks burned rose-red now, and Mrs. Ashburnum could not but remark the beauty her husband had endeavored to describe.

"You are very young to be left a widow, my child," she said, kindly.

Mrs. Melville's black bordered handkerchief went quickly to her face.

"Am I not! and how terribly I feel it, no one can tell."

"O, forgive me! I did not mean to provoke your tears. Be sure we will try to make you happy here. Longfields is a nice, healthy summer place, and the boy will thrive, and you must be quite one of us. It is but a short walk across the fields; I will show you. And we must see you every day. I will tell my daughter Victoria to come over to-morrow. She will help you at hanging your pictures; and she is very good company."

How little Mrs. Ashburnum understood the eagerness with which her companion caught each word. She dandled the baby, who clapped his dimpled hands and laughed, and enjoyed her visit extensively; and when she arose to go, and reluctantly resigned him to his nurse, she promised herself much pleasure in coming to Longfields.

And the very next morning she did come, with a cook whom Mrs. Melville had begged her to procure, and some of her own exquisite wheat rolls, and a box of strawberries in the carriage. On the day following, Victoria Ashburnum called and took the baby and his nurse in the carriage for an airing.

She was a very charming girl, this Victoria, and there were reasons why Mrs. Melville felt the charm acutely.

"When you look at me you see my brother Sebald, Mrs. Melville," she said in her vivacious manner. "We are as alike as two peas! or used to be, perhaps, I should say, for he has been in Paris a long time now, and report says he is bearded like a pard!"

"I should think you would like to have him at home," Mrs. Melville suggested, putting an artistic touch to a window drapery.

"O, we would, but he has fallen in love, or something, for he has been away for nearly four years. How handsome little Arnaud is! and he isn't in the least like you, either, Mrs. Melville."

"He resembles his father."

"And did his father have such a bold forehead and thick curls?"

"Yes, Colonel Melville was considered very fine looking. I will show you his picture," and she produced a photograph from her work-box.

"What an original face! and little Arnaud is extremely like him; that must be a great pleasure to you. Well, I must be going. Come and see us soon. Papa has a nice library, and I don't think you will be lonely at Longfields."

When this bright, unconscious, innocent girl had gone, Mrs. Melville ran up to her chamber and watched the Ashburnum carriage driving briskly towards Summerhill. The beautiful architecture of the house showed between the elegant elms and French poplars that surrounded it.

"He is the eldest son: it shall be my home some day not far distant," she said. "They do not know that he is coming home. How strange to hear his name from their lips! and how very much that girl is like him! He never spoke of her—but then he would not tell me of them! Now it will be different. He cannot refuse to marry Colonel Melville's widow, who is familiar with his brother, and intimate with his sister, for Victoria and I must be very intimate. I will have my maid do her hair in the latest style, and she must tell me about her lover.

CHAPTER III.

The cottage at Longfields set in order, well-trained servants at their posts, Mrs. Melville easily entered the best society at Monkton. Given a good foothold by the kindness of the Ashburnums, she soon exchanged calls with the best families of the old town; and then what exquisite tea-parties, with tea under the lawn trees, and a boat ride down the river by moonlight to the homes of the visitors at Longfields; what amateur concerts, what nice select little dances, what successful dinner parties!

"She understands giving pleasure like a French woman," said old Dr. Sherrington.

"I wonder if she is not French?" said his wife. "There is a nameless animation about her that reminds me of the vivacity of that nation."

"Mamma," said Victoria Ashburnum to her mother. "Do you think Mrs. Melville can be French? She speaks the language exquisitely."

"Probably not. But she has been abroad, I think she told me. What a very desirable acquisition to our quiet neighborhood! so accomplished, and so much a lady."

Yes, Mrs. Melville was very popular and she took care not to overdo her popularity. She was at great pains not to arouse emulation or envy. No one was ever slighted; each one was made to feel that his or her presence was especially desirable. Mrs. Melville paid the most exquisite compliments upon the hospitalities she received in return. Perhaps she gave as much pleasure as in any way by her appreciation of other's entertainments. People felt that their efforts to please her were always amply rewarded.

Victoria Ashburnum came to take great pride in her position of intimate friend of Mrs. Melville, but this did not awaken envy in the breast of other young ladies, as Summerhill and Longfields were in a matter connected, and separated from other estates. Victoria was young and guileless of the world. It never occurred to her how little real intimacy she had with Mrs. Melville's history, motives or thoughts. She enjoyed her as she enjoyed sunshine, and opened her own heart freely to one who was always ready to listen and sympathise.

It was Clyde Sherrington who was Victoria's lover; but he, too, was absent abroad, studying surgery in the hospitals of Paris.

"He is coming home this fall, though," said Victoria, rocking herself in Mrs. Melville's private room at Longfields. "He is ugly as the English say, homely as we Americans say; but he is very clever—so witty! and the old physicians say he is very talented and will make a great surgeon. O, Mrs. Melville, did I tell you that we had received a letter from my brother Sebald, and he is on his way home?"

A fragile vase filled with carnations, which Mrs. Melville was placing upon the mantel, fell from her hand and was dashed to atoms upon the marble hearth.

"O, my flowers, my beautiful flowers!" she cried, bending low over the fragments.

"The flowers! Why, there are a thousand more in the gardens; but your lovely vase!" responded Victoria in astonishment.

"Yes, my vase; isn't it a pity? A gift from a friend, you know, Victoria."

"Yes, I will try to match it for you when I go to New York next month," said Victoria, picking up the fragments, and not observing that Mrs. Melville was ashy pale and trembling in every limb.

The latter hastened away to the window and looked out.

"Yes, there are more carnations," she said, in a voice as if she was fainting. "Please call Babette to take away that litter, Victoria, and I will go into the garden for another boquet.

"I don't believe she heard about Sebald," said Victoria, as she watched her friend's white dress fluttering among the rosebuds.

Chester Ashburnum was at home, but he had been ill, and had not, as yet, called upon his tenant. Now, as Victoria looked from the window, she saw him alight from his horse at the gate and pass along the garden path to salute Mrs. Melville, who lifted herself from the flower-beds and waited to receive him.

Chester Ashburnum had probably never in his lifetime seen so beautiful a woman. Repeatedly as he had heard Mrs. Melville described, he had evidently formed no conception of the charms of her presence. And, perhaps, for once in her life, this woman was unaware that a man had fallen in love with her. She was still very pale, with a fixed look about the delicate nostrils, and a far away gaze in her sapphire eyes. But never, for a moment, at Longfields, had she forgotten to be hospitable.

"Please come into the house and have some lunch Mr. Ashburnum; your sister is here."

As they entered Victoria looked questioningly into her brother's face and received in response a glance of fiery enthusiasm. She laughed lightly; she had tried in vain to describe Mrs. Melville's loveliness. Now she was satisfied.

He was a proud, practical man, without a shade of romance in him; the proudest and most worldly of the Ashburnums. In all matters of expediency or profit, Chester was the one consulted in the family. His wife had been a little nonentity in herself, but she had belonged to the wealthiest and most influential family in the country, and her death had frustrated many ambitions of this young man of far-seeing policy.

True to his nature, it soon occurred to him that a union with so beautiful and accomplished a woman as Mrs. Melville would be highly desirable.

Day by day he was at Longfields. Now to oversee repairs in the house; now to instruct the gardener; now to execute a commission for his mother; now to take Mrs. Melville's orders for the city, whither he went frequently.

CHAPTER IV.

On the first of September, Sebald Ashburnum came home.

Though older than Chester, he had every appearance of being younger, with a slighter figure, a dreamy air, a beautiful forehead close set with curls of gold, and a silken Vandyke beard. His eyes were grey, and with a certain, indescribable sweetness in their expression; his lips were sensitive; the cast of his face and head that of a scholar.

His parents had been piqued by his long absence from home. But since he announced his intention to stay now, they were exceedingly gratified.

"We are all invited to Mrs. Melville's to-night," announced Victoria less than a week after his arrival. "You, too, Sebald."

"Mrs. Melville's? Is that Chester's beautiful tenant?" asked Sebald.

"You will say beautiful when you have seen her," answered the girl.

"Sebald need not go unless he likes," said Chester uneasily.

"I do like. If she is so very pretty, I should like to see her," responded Sebald lightly, as he tossed a cake to Empress, the great hound lying at his feet; then drinking off his coffee, he arose from the breakfast table.

"It's too be quite a large party—everybody she knows, I believe," said Victoria. "And I do think she makes the most charming hostess in the world."

It was a fact, that Chester had rather not have Sebald, or any other gentlemen, visit at Longfields. He was only awaiting a little authority regarding Mrs. Melville's past history to make her an offer of his hand; and meanwhile it was not difficult to install a rival. Not that he doubted Mrs. Melville's statements regarding herself, but he was one of those who like to establish everything on *bona-fide* proof. He had been highly connected by his first marriage; he wished to know something of this lady's present and past relations with others.

He had experienced remarkably little success in prosecuting this search. Mrs. Melville never seemed interested in retrospection, and, except that she had no near relations, never spoke of her family. It seemed sufficient for her to make the present enjoyable to everybody near her, without reference to persons or things at a distance.

The rooms at Longfields were actually lined with flowers that evening. They were full of fragrance, color, and light. And Mrs. Melville in black velvet and pearls, had never looked more chastely beautiful in their midst.

As Sebald Ashburnum entered, with his mother on his arm, he saw scores of familiar faces, the standard residents of Longfields, and all wore the look of sincere enjoyment.

"What a charming place!"

But the words froze on his tongue, for, the knots of people shifting and changing, he saw the beautiful Mrs. Melville standing in the full light of the chandelier, and welcoming some ladies who had just arrived. He seemed hardly to see her before she was looking into his face, and advanced to meet him and his mother.

He was ashy pale, but she was protected by artificial color, and betrayed no change in the softly-tinted face as she bowed graciously.

"Mrs. Ashburnum, here is an easy chair and a fan. Mr. Ashburnum, I think you will find the conservatory cooler."

He followed through the suite of connected rooms and found himself alone with her in a small quiet apartment. A lamp was shaded by alabaster; a child was sleeping upon a sofa, half covered by a drapery of snowy lace. There was a vase of pink and white bouvardia on a writing table. He saw everything in a kind of dream. He seemed suddenly wafted out of himself. Yet there was nothing in life more familiar to him than the silvery voice which he heard speaking:

"Sebald, it is better that we have an immediate interview. We shall both be calmer afterwards. You are shocked to see me; I have endured greater pain in anticipating an interview with you."

"Aglaia D'Arlon," he murmurred, still bewildered.

"No," she said, with a singular smile, "Mrs. Melville, widow of an army Colonel. Yonder is the fruit of that highly respectable connection," and she glanced towards the child.

"Where did you get it?" stammered Sebald.

"That does not matter. Sebald, listen to me. To take the child was part of my plan to achieve position. That I have attained to. You see me here, respected, approved by the society of Monkton. This I have accomplished for your sake, Sebald. You told me once that you could not marry me in fear of the world. Now the world, such of it as will know us in future, will approve. You can marry me with its smile and sanction. And, dearest, you used to love me!"

She laid her white hands on his shoulder, and looked into his face, with her syren smile. He was trembling violently.

"Tell me, are you not glad?"

For a time it seemed utterly impossible for him to speak. What words should he use? How could he tell this woman, who had once so beguiled him, that he feared rather than loved her? for now his passion had utterly subsided, and he had long been ashamed of its folly. A beauty without virtue could never lure him again; but three years ago, when he had first met Aglaia D'Arlon, he was unsophisticated as a boy, and he had quite lost his senses for her. He would have married her, perhaps, had he not opportunely learned the truth concerning her. Now she was as unpalatable to him as Dead Sea fruit! But what could he say?

"I am so much surprised—" he began.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You do not need to say that. Sebald Ashburnum, are we friends or enemies?"

"Friends, of course!" he answered. "Do you think I would harm a hair of your head?"

She lifted the pearl comb and let the hair fall in soft, golden masses about her face.

"Am I not as pretty as I used to be, Sebald?"

"Far more beautiful."

"You will have a beautiful and popular wife. Your mother approves me; your sister confides in me. I am a general favorite in this dull old town, whose approval you must have before choosing a wife. What more can you ask?"

"Nothing, now, nothing. But I must have time," he said, desperately.

"Of course. You will fall in love with me over again. A few months will suffice. I can manage everything. Do you not have confidence in me?"

"You can do anything you will," he answered.

"Can I not? But now I must go back to my guests. We must return by another way."

"Aglaia, I cannot. Make my excuses to my mother—a headache, anything!"

"I remember you are not strong; the excitement has unnerved you. Well, I will cover your retreat. Go this way. Adieu!"

She opened a glass door for him; he leapt into the garden and was gone. And she returned to her guests, to find Chester Ashburnum anxiously seeking her.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

DUTIES are ours, events God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature; on this consideration he can securely lay down his head and close his eyes.

THE NOBLEST SPIRITS are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy; like the lark, they wait for the clouds to disperse, that they may soar up in their native element.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE best way to soften leather is to melt a quarter of a pound of tallow. Add an equal weight of olive oil. Apply to the leather and rub it thoroughly. This is excellent for shoes.

CHARCOAL has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

MISSISSIPPI CORN BREAD.—One pint of boiled rice, mashed fine, one pint of corn meal (sifted,) a tablespoonful of butter and lard; mix with sour milk; add last a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water; bake in a pan like a pound cake, in a hot oven.

To cement glass, cut three parts of good India rubber into small shreds; dissolve it by heat and agitation in thirty-four parts of cold naptha. Add to this sixty-four parts of silex in fine powder, and heat the whole, with constant stirring, until the shellac is dissolved. Then pour it while hot on metal plates, to form sheets. When required for use, heat to 250° Fah., and apply quickly.

RENOVATING BLACK KIDS.—Ink and sweet oil mix, two parts of ink to one part of oil. Will also make a nice glossy blacking for glove kid boots. Prepare a bottle of it, and attach a small sponge to the cork, as is done in "liquid blacking." The same varnish touched on very gently to the white tips and seams of worn black kid gloves will make a pair quite respectable for either traveling or shopping.

A FARMER in the Eastern part of the State of New York buried four or five jars of butter last summer as an experiment. He removed one the other day and found the butter as nice and sweet as the day it was buried. His plan was to get a good sound jar fill it with butter, tie a cloth over the top, put on a layer of salt about an inch thick, tie a cloth over the mouth of the jar and bury it four feet under ground; mouth down.

EGGS are said to keep for a year, if treated as follows: Take perfectly fresh and sound eggs, and then pure water. For every three gallons of water put in one pint of fresh slacked lime, and of common salt one-half pint. Mix well, and let the barrel be half-full of this liquid; then, with a dish, let down the fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with water, so that they may roll out without cracking the shell; for, if the shells should be cracked, the egg will spoil.

MANY ladies are annoyed by their white spool cottons becoming gray with the particles of dust that will accummulate in work-baskets, but do not feel like spending money to buy a thread case. Here are directions for making a substitute: Take a small pasteboard box (a collar box is good), cut a piece of thin board to fit it tightly, bore holes in this at convenient distances for the spools to stand, and into the holes fit small wooden pegs an inch in height and of such size that the spools placed on them will revolve easily; then in the sides of the box pierce small holes for the end of the thread to pass through, and you have a spool case without cost, which, if not as ornamental as one bought at the shops, will be equally useful. If one chooses the box may be prettily ornamented with gilt paper, flowers cut from wall paper or any of the various methods for decorating fancy boxes.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil potatoes so that a fork will pass through them rather slowly; let them cool thoroughly or stand over night; then cut into small bits like dice. If onions are liked, chop one very fine, and add to them. Make a dressing by taking 1 teaspoonful of ground mustard, and rubbing it thoroughly with a teaspoonful of salt, a little white pepper, and 2 well beaten raw eggs. Add very slowly ½ teacupful of the best salad oil, and 2 tablespoonful of vinegar. Thick sour or sweet cream can be substituted for the oil. Heat this until very stiff, and turn over the potato. Small bits of cold veal, beef or mutton, are an improvement to it.

HINTS FOR DESSERT.—Pulverized sugar is better than granulated for sponge cake. Boiled custards with lemon jelly are excellent for tea. Make a rich, well flavored soft custard, and with a box of Cox's Sparkling Gelatine, prepare a stiff jelly, from receipt given with the box. When needed for tea turn the jelly out of the mold into a handsome glass dish, and pour the custard all around it. You can leave out several of the whites of the eggs for the custard, and, beating them to a stiff froth, ornament the custard with them, and a bit of red jelly or jam can be placed on top of each spoonful of froth.

HOME-MADE MACARONI.—Take 2 eggs, ½ cupful of milk, 1 quart of water, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt, (the latter can be omitted); make this up very stiff with flour; roll out extremely thin; spread out to dry. When nearly dry, cut up in strips about the size of narrow tape, now dry thoroughly, by shaking about occasionally. Then take as many as are required for a meal; place in a pan of boiling water, and allow them to cook 15 minutes. Have a pudding dish buttered; then place in it a layer of grated cheese, another layer of macaroni, etc., till the dish is filled, placing grated cheese on top; add a small quantity of milk to keep moist; bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. Sometimes we take it after boiling as above, have ready about a pint of bread-crumbs, place in a pan with sufficient melted butter to brown them, then add the macaroni and cook all up together; season to taste.—*Country Gentleman.*

WHITEWASH RESEMBLING PAINT.—The brilliant stucco whitewash on the east end of the President's house in Washington is made as follows: Take half a bushel of good unslaked lime; slake it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire, in a small kettle within a large one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well and let it stand a few days, covered from the dirt. It should be put in quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house if properly applied.

LIVER AND BLOOD DISEASES.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

A healthy liver secretes each day about two and a half pounds of bile, which contains a great amount of waste material taken from the blood. When the liver becomes torpid or congested, it fails to eliminate this vast amount of noxious substance, which, therefore, remains to poison the blood, and be conveyed to every part of the system. What must be the condition of the blood when it is receiving and retaining each day two and a half pounds of poison? Nature tries to work off this poison through other channels and organs—the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., but these organs become overtaxed in performing this labor in addition to their natural functions, and cannot long withstand the pressure, but become variously diseased.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, is unduly stimulated by the unhealthy blood which passes to it from the heart, and it fails to perform its office healthily. Hence the symptoms of bile poisoning, which are dullness, headache, incapacity to keep the mind on any subject, impairment of memory, dizzy, sleepy, or nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper. The blood itself being diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is an irritating and poisonous that it produces discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach, bowels, and other organs, cannot escape becoming affected, sooner or later, and we have, as the result, costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa. Other symptoms are common, as bitter or bad taste in mouth, internal heat, palpitation, teasing cough, unsteady appetite, choking sensation in throat, bloating of stomach, pain in sides or about shoulders or back, coldness of extremities, etc., etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. The liver being the great depurating, or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with very small doses daily of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, is pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings, dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and heart.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS FAILS TO FIND THE least trace of adulteration in Dubbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.) For sale everywhere. It is for your interest to try it.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
"ORIENTAL CREAM,"
OR
MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
ITS FAME IS RAPIDLY SPREADING OVER THE COUNTRY.

SEE THE AVALANCHE OF TESTIMONIALS, SELECTED FROM THOUSANDS, IN ITS PRAISE.

A FRENCH LADY WRITES:

MME. GOURAUD: 'Tis but an act of justice that I should spontaneously give you my unqualified testimonial of the united efficacy, innocence, and fragrance of your preparation for purifying and cleansing the skin. By its use every pimple and freckle have vanished from my face. You should, mon ami, as it is so sovereign and charming a remedy for scattering all blemishes from our faces, call it le delice des dames. En un mot je suis enchante de la cosmetique et j'en vous remercie de tout mon coeur.

EMILIE DESMOULINS, Madison avenue.

THE FOLLOWING FROM THE EMINENT TRAGEDIENNE, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.

DR. GOURAUD: Will you send six bottles of your "Oriental Cream" to the above address, not forgetting to be reasonable in price? Yours truly, MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE BIERSKI, A LEADING SOCIETY LADY.

ROCHESTER, February 18, 1867.

DR. GOURAUD:

DEAR SIR: Please send me two more bottles of your charming "Oriental Cream," by American Express, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully,
COUNTESS DE BIERSKI.

FROM MISS FANNIE STOCKTON, THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

BUFFALO, December, 1866.

DR. T. F. GOURAUD: I do not wish to put anything else in contact with my face, so delighted am I with this matchless cosmetic. Please send me ten bottles.

FANNIE STOCKTON.

HARGOR, Me.

DR. GOURAUD: I have found your "Cream" so delicious; it softens and makes the skin so beautiful, it does give me faith in your other preparations. MISS ANNA GOSS,
ST. LOUIS.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD; The "Cream" is the nicest for the skin; it is excellent.

MRS. E. CURTIN.

BOSTON.

DR. GOURAUD: Your "Oriental Cream" is perfectly delicious; it is so cooling and refreshing. MRS. EATON.

FROM EVANS, THE CELEBRATED PERFUMER OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30, 1868.

DR. GOURAUD: I think your "Cream" is unquestionably the best thing in this line, for the reason, when a lady once uses it she continues it in preference to anything else. Our customers for it are regular ones. I find it is retailed by the druggists and Fancy Stores at two Dollars a bottle yet. There is more sold here than you are aware of. What is required to insure a large sale is a liberal amount spent in judicious advertising. Let the ladies know its merits, and especially the price, and if they once try it, we secure a regular customer. If I was the owner I would sell more of it in this city than all the rest of the skin preparations put together. T. W. EVANS.

Prepared and invented by DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, N. Y. Established 1839. To be had of all Druggists, &c.

☞ Beware of cheap immitations.

AN ECHO FROM LONDON.

8 MONTPELIER SQUARE, LONDON, S. W., ENGLAND, September 25, 1871.

SIR: Will you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in England where I could procure your "Oriental Cream" for the complexion? If not, will you tell me what would be the smallest number of bottles you could send me from New York; what would be the sum total, carriage fee, of such a parcel; and, lastly, how could I forward you the required amount? I think you would have a very great sale here. Yours truly, E. BERRIN.

DR. GOURAUD, New York.

A VOICE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.

24 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W. C., November 13, 1871.

Le Journal des Modes.

SIR: The fame of your "Oriental" having reached me, I enclose you the value in stamps and will thank you to forward quickly. Will you be good enough to supply, with the price per gross, cash, with my name as agent on each bottle? Waiting your reply, I am faithfully yours, SAMUEL MILLER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement on DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 BOND STREET, N. Y., and all druggists.

(Quasi.)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the bon ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: "You are already aware, madame, that I am opposed to the use of cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL as the least harmless of the skin preparations."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

As making up the face for the stage is one of the most unpleasant features of the business, professionals should welcome any invention which will alleviate the trouble. From practical experience of GOURAUD'S "ORIENTAL CREAM," we can vouch that it is a pleasant, wholesome preparation. To the eye the effect is beautiful and to the skin delicious. It has solved a question—a question which has been a puzzle for a long time.—*From the Dramatic News.*

DEPOT for Dr. Gouraud's Preparation is at No. 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
With Premiums.
For $3.00, the Post one year & Centennial Medallions and Mounted Chromo
For $2.50, the Post one year and 6 Centennial Medallions or Mounted Chromo.
For $1.25, the Post 6 months and 2 Centennial Medallions or Unmounted Chromo.
For 75 Cents, the Post 3 months and one Centennial Medallion.

Without Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post six months.

CLUB RATES:
Four Copies, one year, $7.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.
An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.
Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.
In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in advance.
Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.
READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.
Address all orders and make all drafts payable to
BENNETT & FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, July 29, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

AN UNUSUAL OFFER.

Special attention is called to the offer of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, for the solution of a puzzle on the last page of this paper. The offer is for the benefit of subscribers only. Of course we shall be glad to have as many compete as possible, and therefore give ample time to all to sharpen their wits, attack the difficulties, and carry away the prize if possible. In due time the right answer will be published, when all can see how simple and difficult it is.

NEW FEATURE—EXPLANATION.

In pursuance of a determination to improve the SATURDAY EVENING POST by such changes and additions as seem desirable to make it a complete family paper, which shall be interesting to all the household, we commence in the present number a summary of home and foreign news of general interest.

This it is believed will be appreciated and valued, especially by the large number of our subscribers who take no other paper. It will be compiled with especial pains to make it as complete as practicable, so as to furnish in condensed form the leading features of the history of the world for the preceding week.

Heretofore, the paper has been sent to press a long time in advance of its date of publication, so that it was impracticable to give items of fresh interest, and if topics of the day were discussed they would be old and stale before reaching the reader. It seemed too much like publishing a last year's almanac. To remedy this, and bring the date of going to press and the date of the paper nearer together, we have delayed one or two issues, but, hereafter, our subscribers may expect to receive their numbers promptly every week.

We are glad to know by the number of postal cards inquiring why the paper was not received as usual, that it is valued, and that a missing number is not overlooked. We also thankfully acknowledge the numerous kind words from all parts of the country in appreciation of improvements which have been observed by our readers.

WHO MAY CLAIM OFFICE?

Some writers answer "no man." They declare that since the proper source of authority is in the people, they and they only have rightful power to delegate it, and to bestow the advantages and emoluments which possession of office secures: that whatever may be the fitness of a man to rule, whether by national ability or superiority acquired by long service, he has and can have no just claim for that or any other reason to the possession of office.

This is plausible, but is a very incomplete statement and leads to most erroneous conclusions. Office is indeed the property of the people, who may bestow it on whom they will, irrespective of the wishes of any individual, but it is also true that it is their bounden duty to place in office such men as can and will best administer the trust for the benefit of the community. Hence, the best man for the place has a very strong claim to office, founded on the right of the people to the best government. He may rightfully claim it, not because of advantages which it will bring to himself, but because of the benefits which his administration will bestow upon the people.

In the principle stated alone, lies the strength of the rule demanded in civil service reform, that removals from office shall be only for inefficient performance of the duties of the office.

A cry has been raised that if men are to hold office during good behavior, it will in a large number of cases amount to holding it for life, and we shall have a privileged aristocracy of office holders.

Could a stronger argument be advanced for this proposed reform? It says virtually, if men knew that good service would secure continuance of position they would so faithfully perform their work that there would be no need of change.

Such an aristocracy—an aristocracy of merit—might be ruinous to the hopes of thousands who seek place regardless of their fitness to hold it; but to all other classes it would be a permanent blessing. Besides the care which public interests would receive, being made identical with the interests of the officeholder, we should have a conservative moral force in the community which would be a constant rebuke to faithlessness, and largely influence the tone of public morals.

The vicious practice which has so long prevailed, of making office a reward for partizan services, is prolific of evil. It fosters dangerous party spirit, embitters political strife, gives immunity to crime in high places, and makes public interests subservient to private enrichment.

Our republican institutions have had no greater strain than that resulting from this cause, and the fact that the government is to-day fully adequate to its functions, notwithstanding the fearful abuses which have prevailed, is the strongest testimony to the vitality of our constitutional forms. But the mightiest growths may be overcome and destroyed by parasites. The noble vessel which has withstood the rudest shocks of the ocean may sink under the attacks of the insiduous borer.

There was never a more opportune time than the present for the inauguration of civil service reform. No great party issues distract public attention. Party spirit, save in the direction of earnest strife between the "ins" and the "outs," is almost unprecedentedly quiet. The independent voter is now so large an element in politics that both the great parties acknowledge their dependence upon him.

It will not be enough to promise that corrupt men shall be displaced, and abuses corrected; there ought to be the assurance that good men shall be kept in place to prevent the recurrence of abuses; that there shall not be presented the continual temptation to the officeholder to "make hay while the sun shines," and to the officeseeker to pay well for a place which will reward him tenfold, if his candidate is successful. The man for the times is he who will successfully inaugurate and carry out this radical reform.

IS PATRIOTISM A SHAM?

There is, we regret to say, a tendency on the part of wise men and women throughout our country to inculcate in the minds of the rising generation the impression that the fire of patriotism, which has burned about our altars for more than a century, is dead. We condemn this doctrine, not alone for its falsity, but on account of the incalculable evil which may result from it.

Teach the young to forget that they have a country; to forget that they should feel the glow of patriotism, and they forget that they have honor; they forget that there is such a thing as truth; they forget that men love principle; that women cherish virtue.

Man is, without doubt, the mysterious link in being's endless chain. In him alone, as far as we know, are united mortal and immortal aspirations. In him alone is found far-reaching intellect cradled in the bosom of a broken urn. At one moment, we stand and wonder at the magnitude of his conceptions and the daring of their execution; while in the very next, he astonishes us the more by his weakness, his follies and criminal blunders. There are lofty emotions in his soul, notwithstanding his frailties, and of all the angel capacities that fire his heart and elevate him above the beasts of the field, the love of country stands pre-eminent. "An honest man is the noblest work of God"—has long since passed into a proverb, but how much nobler a creature is an honest and patriotic man. Honesty without patriotism is the corpse of a soldier, pale and stark upon the bloody field—a spotless shaft of nobility, but deprived of that vital spark of heavenly flame, which made him a terror in the hour when a nation's destiny was suspended from his strong right arm. Honesty with patriotism is an iron-vaulted monitor, from whose death-dealing sides tyranny and oppression flee away. 'Tis the strong tower in which are secured the liberties, the hopes, the laws of all people and all ages, the world over.

The man, in whose heart the love of country burns beside the brilliant glow of family affection, stands before the world the sublimest spectacle ever seen upon earth; the noblest work of God. He may bend before the blast of public opinion, or wither and die, when riven by the lightning of a national tempest; but, true to his post, he falls where he stood, "looking proudly to Heaven from a death-bed of fame." He is the proud oak of the forest, breasting the wintry storms of an hundred years, and lifting its branches aloft to meet the thunderbolt in its coming. He is the wild flower of the mountain, springing up and blooming in the path of the sweeping avalanche, oblivious of death:—or the eagle that mounts, with his eye fixed upon the sun, above the clouds, and "bathes his plumage in the thunder's home."

All that is great and glorious in the annals of a country, springs from the patriotism of its citizens. The love of country has fought, single-handed and alone, all oppression for five thousand years; it has torn down and trampled in the dust the black flag of tyranny, and set the sun of freedom to shine upon every land and beam upon every sea. It stood in undying fame at Thermopylæ in the lion-heart of Leonidas; it cast its rays of piercing light across the deepening twilight of ancient Rome in the person of her gallant Regulus and Cincinnatus. France felt its magnetic influence in the iron nerve of a Napoleon; England in that of her Wellington, while the steadier effulgence of our own heroic Washington revived its brilliant hue in the land of the brave and the free.

While patriotism finds a home in the hearts of a people, truth and virtue will shine upon earth and valor will live; and, pointing to the tombs of the illustrious dead, will teach that it is better far to die for one's country, than to live for one's self.

SWEET IMPLORING.

BY CATHARINE FILER WENTWORTH.

O eyes, that have in you a sweet imploring,
Blue eyes, that hold the pathos of the sea
Rippling beneath the sunny skies of Eden
And lisping happy thought infinitely.
O eyes, that hold in you a sweet imploring
For love and trust while looking up at me;

O eyes, that have in you a sweet imploring,
Pure with God's love, and such love giving me,
Is it not sweet as sweetest bliss of Heaven
To take such proffered love infinitely,
To feel the pathos of your eyes imploring
Glad, sacred answers through eternity?

O eyes, that hold in you a sweet imploring,
Look up forever into my own eyes,
Till we be thralled forever by each other,
Nor know if this be earth or Paradise,
But worship God alone through the imploring
In trustful love seen through pathetic eyes.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

There is an axiom attributed to Aristotle, which reads somewhat in this wise: "In commencing thy journey, always have before thy mind some well defined object or point of interest; thereby shalt great profit accrue to thee."

Acting upon this "word of wisdom" from other days, we make up our mind to commence this tour through the grounds by going direct to the advised "point."

We have often heard of the wonderful painting of "Rizpah," by Becker, exhibited by the French Department, Memorial Hall, but in previous visits we have not found time to look it up. It is not hard to locate it, when once upon the right path. By turning to the right hand after leaving the main hall or vestibule of the Art Gallery, and then turning to the left of the corridor you enter, after passing one door you find yourself in the French Department, and in presence of this really magnificent, but painful, picture of

RIZPAH GUARDING THE SEVEN SONS OF SAUL.

The figure of the sorrowing daughter of Aiah is in the foreground, and of heroic size. She is battling furiously with an enormous eagle, which is seeking to tear the flesh of the victims hanging side by side upon a roughly constructed gallows, just behind the agonized and brave woman.

The fidelity of each detail, the boldness of outline and color, added to the size of canvas and the tragedy of the subject, make this a remarkable painting.

All readers of the Old Testament are familiar, or should be, with this saddest of stories. The seven victims of atonement for a parent's crimes, are hung side by side.

Michal's five sons are represented as full-grown vigorous men, while the two who were Rizpah's own are in the first flush of their youthful beauty. The ancient method of hanging by ropes attached to the arms, instead of around the neck, takes away much of the otherwise, too terrible details.

The face of this woeful mother, is of a grand, passionate beauty, which not even her anguish could destroy. The great, dark eyes, seem to burn with the determination and courage that fill her heroic soul, while the parted and distended nostril speak of the horror and terror that rend her bosom, as the powerful bird again and again swoops upon his prey driven from it each time by the blows of the brand in her right hand. The gloom of the lowering sky, the heaps of barren rocks, against which the purple and yellow of her robes stand out in vivid contrast, are so well delineated as to seem real. A shiver of superstitious dread thrills you as you gaze; but for the testimony of that beautiful record:—

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field by night."

One might think it too marvellous for belief. Only a woman and a mother could be capable of such love and endurance.

Let us turn from this mournful but beautiful story to a brighter theme.

At the farther end of this gallery, we see some fine specimens of the celebrrted

GOBLIN TAPESTRY,

so called, as we presume most of our readers know, from the fact that for a long time its mode of manufacture was kept so secret, while the work was so exquisite, that it was supposed to be done by industrious goblins or elves.

The finest specimen of this work is a life-size figure of a Grecian female sitting at work upon some embroidery. Such a far away, pensive gaze in her eyes as her hands fall listlessly away from their busy motion, one might fancy it a representation of faithful Penelope, stopping a moment to dream of her truant Ulysses.

Near the southern entrance of Memorial Hall is a

FINE MOSAIC LIKENESS OF WASHINGTON.

He is represented as much older than in the portraits we are accustomed to see.

The stones employed are of different shades of green, from a clear grass-tint through several shades of yellow green, with touches of cream color and brown. The profile is given and stands out in well-defined relief, against a deeper green background. It is surrounded by a beautifully carved frame of ebony, which in its turn is enclosed in a cabinet frame of dark wood, having doors which open.

Beneath is the inscription: "Gift to the City of Philadelphia. A souvenir of the First Centennial of the Independence of the United States of America, declared in that city 4th of July, 1776. Presented by a L. A. Gallandt, mosaic manufacturer, No. 7 Prazza di'Spagna, Roma."

In the Italian department may be found some unequalled Mosaic pictures, one large one of the

"FORUM AT ROME"

is exquisite. The faint blue of the distant hills, showing through the ruins, could not be more delicately given by the brush of a Claude, and to consider that this result is brought about by such a myriad of tiny stones.

Among the antiquities also exhibited by this department, there are some noticeable

TOILET ARTICLES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,

found in the Cystæ of Phœneste. A familiar implement in the form of an ivory comb, broken and dark with age, but just the shape of some of the combs in use now. One side had coarse, and the other fine teeth.

We were so much amused over the comments of a little blue-eyed, curly locks, that we cannot refrain quoting them. She was noticing, with unusual interest, these blackened mutilated articles of the dead centuries, seeing the comb, she exclaimed—"Look, mamma, a comb; all broken, too; did a naughty little girl do it pulling away from nurse when she curled her hair?"

"Yes," said mamma, "Perhaps she did, thirteen hundred years ago."

"Was that why they kept it?" came next.

"Perhaps," smiled the mother. The blue eyes grew solemn; a look of determination came into the rosy face.

"Then I'm just *glad* I live in this country! It isn't nice to be naughty and pull away, but it's *awful* mean to keep the broken comb, and *show* it to everybody, thirteen hundred years!"

Such a ripple of laughter greeted the small moralist, that she was fain to take refuge behind her tower of defence "Mamma;" yet we think there were few dissenting opinions as to the meanness of holding up one's small misdeeds for condemnation and publicity thirteen hundred years.

AN INDIAN BACCHUS,

of almost colossal size, is among the antiquities found recently at Posilipo, near Naples, only last year, in fact. The entire figure is draped; the right arm being gone from the shoulder. The head and face are rather small in proportion to the rest of the figure, but of a delicate and clearly outlined beauty—less sensual in expression than we are apt to imagine the jovial God. A wealth of ivy leaves crowns the flowing locks.

Two charming heads of Cupid and Psyche, sadly darkened and defaced, yet retaining enough of their divinity to arrest the gaze of a true lover of art, are also here, among many others—nearly all of which possess lines of great beauty. Speaking of statues, brings up a recollection to us, of a mistake we made about Story's "Medea." We spoke of the left hand as hanging down, but that impression was given by the disposition of the packing case, which was not then removed from the body—only the head being unveiled. The left hand supports the chin, while the elbow rests upon the right hand, which holds the knife.

The melting heat of the sun makes us timid of long walks about the grounds, consequently we rush across the open space between the Art Gallery and Main Building, and congratulating our good fortune in escaping sunstroke, we wander on towards Jamaica! Here is a paradox, we think we hear our readers exclaim: walk into Jamaica to escape the heat!

Truly, but this Jamaica is cool and shady; at the moment of our entrance, a zealous attendant is engaged in sprinkling the avenues about it, from a huge watering pot, calmly oblivious whether the "gentle rain" falls upon the dusty floor or a "love of a silk" trailing past.

This last event must have happened, not to us, but to an injured fair one, near by, for we heard a sweet voice suddenly take on discord, and in staccato accents, pronounce such epithets: "Careless monster! ruined it forever! I can't match it here, so don't preach a,"—etc. Dear suffering sister, we sympathize with you, yet take our advice, "Don't wear these unmatchable silks to the Exhibition!"

Jamaica makes quite a goodly display small of course, but not when her size and population is considered.

We are much interested in articles made from the

LACE BARK

which is the inner bark of a tree called *Lagetta*, having very perfectly formed flowers, botanically considered, and small round parts, covered with a hairy substance.

This bark is of a fine white color, transparent; in texture resembling the fine, skeleton leaves we see prepared sometimes.

Quite a variety of pretty articles are made from it. It grows about the stems in consecutive layers, interlacing one above the other.

It is said that in the reign of Charles the Second of England, the governor of the island sent to His Majesty, a cravat-frill and ruffles of the Lace Bark, which pleased the "merrie monarch" right well. These articles are said to be preserved now in the Kew Museum.

Mats and fans, trimmed with edgings of the Cabbage Palm, and with pressed autumn leaves and ferns gummed on as garniture, are shown and also sold for the benefit of some orphans.

Specimens of the *Baobab Fruit*, oblong in shape, and olive-green in color, are among the curious productions of the soil.

Queer looking fibre, so it seems to us, lies in heaps. Upon inquiry we are told that it is prepared Bamboo, known as half-stuff, not bleached, and to be used in making paper. Similar material, different however in color, is shown us from the cocoa-nut and silk cotton trees.

A pretty, but curious walking stick is shown us, made from the stem of the Tree Fern.

SPECIMENS OF NATIVE COPPER

are to be seen in several varieties; some grains very small and round, others larger; all of a pale-green color.

A cup with cover, made from a calabash or gourd, is shown to us. We cannot but admire the odd figures pricked out upon its smooth sides, and the glossy color it is dyed.

There are necklaces made of carved seeds of the Gru-Gru Palm, black and shining as stone.

Mats and cushions trimmed with dark brown Acacia seeds, are very pretty and fragrant. But the crystal jars of preserved fruits, quasas, ginger root, and many others, are so tempting, we cannot help suggesting the possibility of allowing interested spectators to taste these goodly conserves, and trust the Commissioners of this department will take the suggestion to heart!

There is also a new dyewood called "Candle-wood," which it is said, is likely to bring a fortune to the discoverer of its properties.

LITTLE BERMUDA

has a place in the great picture, and not at all lacking in interest are her exhibits of arrow-root as prepared for food, and as used for other purposes. We cannot but admire the cool looking hats made from the leaf of this plant; the pretty mats and baskets.

Some very beautiful specimens of coral and stalagmite are among the articles shown; also some rarely beautiful shells.

It has been said of a very sensitive artist, that he used to wish that he might be able to embody his beautiful dreams upon canvas, without being obliged to resort to the prosaic aids of brush and pencil, besides soiling his æsthetic fingers with grimy paints.

We cannot chime with such hypersensitiveness, for even in these "prosaic aids" to art, we have found a charm. We think even our dainty artist would change his mind were he to see some of the exhibits of such things displayed in the Main Building. None pleased us more than that of a very old firm from New York,

C. F. REYNOLD'S & CO., ESTABLISHED IN 1770.

Paints, oils and varnishes of all kinds are shown, together with all necessary adjuncts for artists' work. We were especially charmed with the "Tyrian Water Color Tablets," which have sheets of prepared color, surrounded by a protective margin and bound together after the fashion of a photograph album. To artists upon sketching tours these tablets will be of inestimable convenience, commending themselves for portability, superior quality of the paints, etc. The beautifully-tinted crayons, softly finished brushes, and even surface of the prepared canvas, set one's fingers twitching to use them in their several ways.

Passing onward toward the foreign departments, we were much interested in a case from

GREENLAND,

containing a large lump of "Cryolite," which has become so important an article of export from those frozen shores. The "cryolite" is shown in the natural state and resembles a lump of granite, with what appear to be glistening scales of metal here and there throughout its mass. In the same case are displayed the various alkalies and acids which can be made from it. The principal use to which it is applied, is the making of soda in its various forms, caustic and bi-carbonate of soda, etc.

A model of a

KAYAK,

the native boat of the Greenlanders, is shown, covered with skin, and having four of the hardy, little inhabitants of that frigid climate in their native dress, with fur gloves, "jumpers," etc. This is a delightful country to think of in the present heated term, and whether it was due to imagination or fact, we seemed to feel cooler while standing near this case.

As we turn another corner a

MONSTER CAKE OF SOAP,

greets our astonished gaze. It is labelled "Dobbins' Electric Soap," *weighing* 1,200 *pounds!* Need the "great unwashed" dare to put in an appearance after this? Not an excuse left them, for this monster, besides being a cleanly monster has very fine chemical qualities. In clear crystal bottles, ranged in front of it, are the separate ingredients used to make this admirable whole. Glycerine potash and other chemicals, under the guarantee of the well-known firm of I. S. Cragin & Co.

We are glad to announce the fact that both Turkey and Tunis are now ready with their several exhibits in the Main Building. They are near together and possess many articles of great interest in their departments.

THE TURKISH SECTION

is differently arranged from most of the others—not being enclosed save by hangings of rich carpets. In front is a very prettily disposed bit of rock-work and two finely preserved specimens of the beautiful Angora Goat, whose long, wavy fleece resembles white, floss silk.

The usual display of rich cloths, embroideries, weapons, jewelry, etc., peculiar to Eastern nations may be seen here. Some of the scimetars with their wonderfully chased blades of true Damascus steel are well worthy of observation.

TUNIS,

which is next nearest, has a "kiosk," pricked out in the glowing colors, which so delight the eyes of these luxurious "children of the sun." It's interior is fitted up in true Eastern style, the wall being covered with a fine Arabesque pattern; the divan against it being draped with heavy damask. Some of the pottery from this section is the finest of its kind we have ever seen.

A large lion in mosaic bearing the inscription, "From the ruins of ancient Carthage," is an object of great interest. The fine majestic head, the fixed almost prophetic gaze of the eyes are remarkable. One might almost fancy it a type of the great human lion, Caius Marius, as he sat defiant of fate amid his shattered idols.

Passing through one of the smaller aisles near Germany, we are attracted to a spot where a crowd of well entertained listeners concentrate. Of course we merge towards the common focus. Those clocks again! Twelve strokes; open fly two little doors, out pop two jaunty mountaineers with tiny horns in their hands; up to their lips they go, an air from the overture to William Tell is well rendered. What a charming companion such a clock would be for a lonely invalid.

The late massacre in the West does not soften our hearts to the "noble savage," yet we must be willing to accord justice even to the works of those whose actions we condemn. Apropos of this prologue, we call attention to the

INDIAN CURIOSITIES,

from the Dominion.

Here are varied and in some cases beautiful specimens of their embroideries upon buckskin Birch-bark and cloth. The most curious to us is the embroidery upon the birch-bark done in strips from the inner stems of feathers. Some of these strips are dyed the most brilliant hues by colors made from vegetable matter or from different clays. Much ingenuity is shown in the shaping and finish of the various articles—match pouches, shot-bags, boxes, shoes, etc.

A handsome buckskin shirt or jacket is displayed, with cuffs and collar embroidered in beads and finished with buckskin fringe.

We can well imagine how irresistible a swarthy Hiawatha would appear to his fawn-eyed Minnehaha, attired in such brave apparel, and decked as to the head with a circlet of nodding plumes.

What will be invented next? is a query perpetually rising, as something novel meets the eye continually. The last new thing we have to chronicle is a

PATENT AIR CIRCULATOR,

which can be attached to any rocking chair, and which is set in motion by the act of rocking. The inventor is Mrs. Edgar E. Sell, of Charleston, S. C.

It is a wonderfully complete machine, if so it may be termed. The bellows part being attached to the back of the chair, the air forced up on each side through flexible tubes. The stream of air can be regulated from a gentle zepher to a small "North-easter."

The inventor thinks it can be utilized for hospitals to great advantage. Disinfectants can be introduced into one of the tubes, and the motion of rocking will desseminate the odor. The hands are perfectly free to work or hold a book while one rocks at ease and enjoys a breeze of one's own raising.

In these terribly hard times, we should think any method of what is technically known as "raising the wind," would prove acceptable.

We have such a horror of crowded cars with the thermometer at 98° in the shade, that we make up a very determined mind to return by the boat. The way to the landing is near Agricultural Hall or not very far off.

We hear much said of the exhibit from Portugal, in that building, so we bid adieu to the Main Building and taking a seat in the comfortable, open cars that swiftly whirl one around the grounds, we soon arrive at Agricultural Hall. Certainly it is cool and pleasant here.

We find that Portugal represents not only her home industries and products, but also those of her colonies. Cape Verde Islands, Angola, Mozambique and a few lesser names are represented.

The wines and preserved fruits from the country proper, attract us. Here we see the genuine Oporto wine in its dark clearness. No logwood, we feel sure, enters into the composition of its garnet-colored richness.

Here are tempting biscuits in all forms, canned vegetables and dried fish. This latter article seems to be prepared in a different way from any that we have before seen. There is not an encrusting of salt, such a hard dryness about it, which usually is the case.

From the colonies, there are spices, coffee, sugar, palm-oil, cocoa nuts yams, etc.

Two figures of wood, representing African Chiefs, are shown as specimens of native skill. The carving is really very good, and the coloring brilliant of course, as is the taste of such people. Weapons and other implements of a more peaceable nature are shown, and possess an interest as illustrating the customs and grade of civilization of the people.

There is much that we are compelled to pass by, as we reluctantly turn our footsteps towards the door, that is nearest our home-path.

A charming walk through cool, shadowy woods, up a few steps, down a long sloping way of smooth boarding, and we find "our personality," as poor old Artemus used to phrase it, safely deposited on the shady side of the upper deck of the "Undine." The lovely view along the banks of the river, the smooth gliding of the boat, are indeed a blessed contrast to certain discomfits bemoaned over, in our last trip homeward.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness, no matter how contemptible it may be, has a stingy power in it which reaches to the quick.—*Wilkie Collins.*

If a man's self-respect will not save him from habitual, disgusting intoxication, all the female influence in the world would not avail.—*Augusta J. Evans.*

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time, till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.
—*Good Words.*

Happiness is like manna—it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep, it cannot be accumulated, nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down at our very doors, or rather within them.

A rich old fellow in a small town, who owns more houses than any man in the place, was waited upon by a committee for a subscription to rebuild the fence about the cemetery. His reply was characteristic as well as humorous. "Gentlemen, I have always made it a rule in my business never to make any repairs until the tenants begin to complain."

A great stickler for etiquette says that no gentleman would ever commit suicide, as he would never think of being so impolite as to go anywhere before he was invited.

If a woman marries a man who "goes on a spree" once in a while, she ought not to whine when he developes into an habitual drunkard.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.—
James Russell Lowell.

NEWS NOTES.

LUNACY is increasing in France out of all proportion to its population.

CALIFORNIA has "put up" 2,500,000 cans of strawberries this year.

AT last Congress has mustered sufficient patriotism to vote the completion of the Washington monument.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," for New York harbor, will not be finished until 1878.

MR. BLAINE'S condition is not improving. His physicians recommend a trip to Europe.

DOM PEDRO'S expenses are about $2,200 per week, but he always smiles when he hands out the ducats.

THERE is now in London a committee of gentlemen delegated to purchase works by living painters for the museum at Sydney, in connection with the New South Wales Academy of Art.

MISS Jane Bay, of Baltimore, who died last week, left nearly $200,000 to a charitable institution known as the "Jane Bay Home for Boys."

IT is reported that native quicksilver has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, a few miles below New Orleans.

ITALY has paid such close attention to the development of her military resources of late years, that she can put 800,000 men in the field in two weeks.

BY a recent decree the Japanese government has adopted the Christian Sabbath as a day for closing all public offices.

THERE is a report in Washington that the Hon. John Morrissey contemplates starting a Democratic newspaper in that city on a capital of $500,000.

FOR Blaine's successor, besides Gen. James A. Hall, of Damariscotta, are mentioned John L. Stevens, of Augusta; W. L. Stevens, of New Portland; Stephen D. Lindsey, of Norridgewock, and General R. B. Shepherd of Skowegan.

GEN. M. C. Butler declines to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of South Carolina, and recommends Gen. Wade Hampton for the position.

THE only daily train from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico leaves about midnight and one entire car is devoted to the escort of fifty soldiers, whose duty it is to see the passengers safely through the region of lawlessness and rebellion.

THE "Women's Hotel," designed by Mr. A. T. Stewart, for the accommodation of working girls, is rapidly approaching completion, and will probably be opened for occupancy early next spring.

THE London *Times*, commenting on the Eastern troubles, says the Prince of Servia and Montenegro must be allowed to fight it out without the interference of any of the European powers.

KENNEDY, Kellogg and Wood, of the Yale University eight, will probably be three of a crew of four to pull at Saratoga and Philadelphia.

ONE result of the Prince of Wales visit to India will be the substitution of the Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian for the Latin and Greek classics at Oxford, for the benefit of Hindoo students and candidates for the Indian civil service.

The machinery of the long-talked-of Keely motor has been for some months in preparation in New York. It was to have been ready for a trial in the middle of June, but it cannot be completed until near the 1st of August. Similar machinery has been constructed in Philadelphia, and both engines are announced to be tested within a few weeks. Both are of steel.

A MAN has just discovered a substitute for bread. As bread is a thing of the most world-wide consumption, he expects to make his fortune immediately. The substitute consists of rump-steak and potatoes; and the inventor says the addition of a little beer helps matters along. He has tried a lot of things, he says, but this is the only substitute he can recommend.

DURING the past week nearly one thousand Mennonites passed through New York on their way to Kansas. They came from Southern Russia, and are composed of well-to-do farmers and stock-raisers. They are said to have money, and purpose buying lands in Kansas.

The ratification of the additional convention between the United States and Mexico for the settlement of claims has been proclaimed by the President. The time allowed the umpire, Sir Edward Thornton, for the decision of the cases referred to him has been extended until the 20th of November next.

IN the Criminal Court in Paris the other day, a German named Alphonse Baer, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling a quack medicine. The magical drug which was advertised as a specific in affections of the nerves and epilepsy, under the name of *eau anti-neuralgique*, was found to be brandy, with an effusion of tobacco leaves and burnt sugar. The receipts from its sale, however, in the last year amounted to about $360,000.

IT is officially announced that the Turkish government is again compelled to postpone the payment of the interest on its public debt. Measures concerted with the Imperial Ottoman Bank for the collection of revenue for the service of the national debt will be cleared out as soon as circumstances permit.

TWENTY years ago, Mrs. Barber, a lady 90 years of age, living near Alexandria, Va., became blind, and her hair silver white. Within the past year her sight has returned, a crop of new black hair has come in, and she has just cut four new teeth.

THE feat of crossing the English Channel in a canoe has been accomplished by Lieutenant Colville of the Grenadier Guards, who started from Dover at three o'clock in the morning and paddled into the harbor of Calais at half-past nine, doing about thirty miles zigzag across the Channel in six hours and a half. He was unannounced by special correspondents and unattended by any admiring crowd of spectators, but the exploit is regarded as fully as hazardous as the swimming feats of Webb and Boynton.

THE mother of Prince Milan has just died at Wurzburg, in Bavaria.

DANIEL DREW says that Vanderbilt is worth nearer $100,000,000 than $40,000,000.

THE population of Cleveland, Ohio, according to a census just taken, is 164,000.

THERE is trouble in Athens, and a state of siege has been declared.

YALE had 130 applications for admission at the commencement examinations—thirty less than last year.

MASSACHUSETTS has disbanded her only militia company of negroes.

IT is generally understood that a marriage is arranged between his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Frederica, daughter of King George of Hanover.

EARL Derby has spoken strongly in favor of maintaining the declaration of the Treaty of Paris. To abrogate it at present would be to excite the suspicion that England was preparing for war.

IT will cost Boston about $4,000 to pay the expenses of the detectives who have been looking at Winslow in England.

THE Rev. Newman Hall says that within three years the churches of Great Britain have lost 80,000 members through the vice of intemperance.

ONE-HALF the county of Northumberland, England, belongs to twenty-six gentlemen, the duke owning 181,616 acres, and the smallest proprietor nearly 9,000.

THE jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river are proving a success. The large steamers now go through unobstructed.

THEY are experimenting in London with a gun which weighs 81 tons, throws a ball weighing 1,050 pounds, and consumes 300 pounds at each discharge.

ONE of the living curiosities of this Centennial year is a Kentucky child, 5 years old, who is boneless. It is well developed in every particular, and its limbs can be bent in a circular form, or tied in a knot.

HON. JOHN M. FRANCIS, of the Troy *Times*, who has just got home, finds that a tour round the world with a few excursions off the straight path, necessitates a journey of 30,737 statute miles and 94 days on shipboard.

JOE. O. SHELBY, a noted Confederate General of Missouri, sent the following telegram to President Grant: "Gen. Custer has been killed. I once fought him, and now propose to avenge him. Should you call volunteers, allow Missouri to raise one thousand."

THE remains of Louis Phillippe have been removed from England to France. The royal mausoleum is constructed in the crypt of the church at Dreux, where are other tombs of the family.

THERE has been a great deal of money lost and won on English races this year. Lord Lunley lost $18,000 on Petrarch at the Ascot. A professional book maker cleared $16,000, and another made $40,000 in one day.

THE Post-office Department has been notified by the authorities of the Pennsylvania and New York Central and Hudson River railroads, that the fast mail trains would be discontinued from the 22d instant. The reason for the stoppage is the reduction of the transportation by Congress. Negotiations on the subject will be immediately commenced by the Department.

THE old favorite, Goldsmith Maid, retains the vigor of her youth, and at the ripe age of seventeen, has equalled the greatest of her earlier achievements. To trot a mile in 2.14 is about as much as an animal ought to be asked to do, but there is no telling what the horse of the future may not accomplish, if trotters go on in this way.

A MILITARY coat made by the late President Johnson while he was working at his trade as a tailor, has been presented to the Historical Society of Tennessee. It is in a good state of preservation, and it is said to show excellent skill, taste and workmanship. After Mr. Johnson became Governor of Tennessee he commissioned as a circuit judge the customer for whom the coat was made.

THERE are 72 papers at Constantinople, 16 of which are printed in Turkish, 1 in Arabic, 1 in Persian, 20 in French, 1 in German, 1 in English, 12 in Greek, 13 in Armenian, 4 in Bulgarian, 2 in Spanish and 1 in Italian. There are 19 official journals in the provinces, and as many official calendars or almanacs.

ONE small round jewel case on exhibition at the Centennial contains gold ware and jewels valued at upwards of $300,000. A string of pearls is valued at $80,000 in gold. A solitaire diamond is valued at $16,000. One yellow diamond is valued at $8,000. A feather for the hair has diamonds in it valued at $15,000. These are all in the American department.

MISSOURI the great agricultural and stock raising State, is now attracting a larger emigration than at any time since the war; her many superior advantages and conveniences to the great markets are no longer overlooked by those coming West.

BRUSSELS has the largest ice house in the world. The roof covers an area of 18,000 square feet. The walls are double, and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine separate ice chambers, each of 80,000 cubic feet capacity. There are gal'eries for storing meat in hot weather, capable of holding 2,000 quarters. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.

THE wheat crop of California for the current year proves to be the greatest ever produced in that phenomenal State, amounting to one million tons, three-quarters of which is available for export. There is much of the problematical in hazarding opinions on what prices are likely to be obtained. Wheat has never fallen in that State below $1.50 per hundred pounds. The highest limit which wheat has ever attained there was in 1865, when the centum reached $5.12.

IN all evils which admit of a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints that, if propery applied, might remove the cause.

"DI MERO" ON "W. P." ARISTOCRATS.

"W. P." stands for West Point.

West Point is generally called the nursery of valiant aristocracy.

I was nursed there, but I'm not an aristocrat.

The average West Point cadet is no more of a high-born aristocrat, than an unweaned mud-turtle.

I will prove it.

Immediately after the close of the war, I was travelling through the backwoods of Florida, where the inhabitants raise little hatchet-faced, tow-headed children simply as a matter of speculation.

For some time the novelty of the surroundings charmed me and I felt like communing with the muses.

Then I became hungry and felt like swapping the muses off for a boiled ham.

I wanted to interview anything that was in the habit of hanging around a kitchen.

Approaching a small, freshly broken field, I descried near the fence a boy, ploughing.

He was the smallest boy I ever saw, attached to the largest voice I ever heard.

He was so short that if he suddenly became ill, he wouldn't know whether he had headache or his corns hurt him.

His complexion was the color of ice-cream just exhibiting the first symptoms of small-pox; his eyes green and his hair no color whatever. His nose was a devout one—judging from the way in which it turned heavenward; and when he smiled, which he did as soon as he saw me, his mouth opened like a bankrupt clam. He was attired in a single garment—name unmentionable—a sort of compromise between an old Roman toga and a night shirt.

He didn't wear pantaloons, probably, because if he had, he was so short that he would have been compelled to sit down to get his hands in his pockets; and a boy who cannot wear his hands in his pockets would be as much out of place in America, as a one-legged hornet on a red-hot stove.

I sympathised with him, and wanted to say something.

I did say something.

I asked him the time of day. He raised his eyes, dropped his lower lip, looked at me, then at his mule, drew a long breath and said——nothing.

I was disappointed.

I thought that after such elaborate preparation, he might at least have told me to "go to thunder."

I repeated my question. Then he gave utterance to this expression:

"Well, I hope I'll never see the back o' my neck!"

Then, gathering up the folds of his long garment, he added:

"Does you 'spose I'm gwine to carry a watch 'round in these here regimentals?"

"Well, is there a chance for me to enjoy the hospitalities of your house for the night?"

"Hoss-per-what?"

"Can I find shelter with you for myself and horse?"

"Shelter! What do you want o' shelter? 'Tain't er rainin'

"Well, can I stay all night?

"What be you, anyhow? Gospel peddler?"

"No."

"Mail-rider likely?"

"No."

"Drummer?"

"No."

"Must be one o' these here censurum takers, then?"

"No."

"Well, what in the nation *air* ye?"

"I'm a plain civilian, sir."

He seemed surprised and answered:

"Well, I'll jes' be dodwhozzled! Now ye doan look like one o' them kind. But ye can't tell what's gwine to happen these days. I had a idee though, as *silluns* was kinder rantankerous-looking like. What jail'd ye break out o'?"

I explained that I was not a *silluin*, but a humble traveller.

"Now, I doan know whether ye kin' stay all night or not. Things is kinder jumbled up at the shanty. Dad, he's took with the influenzy; and Jim, he's allus mad; and Sal, her feller's sacked her, and I'm 'spectin' to have a chill, but—Mam she's got her jaw yanked out o' socket, and that makes it kinder more peacefuller than 'twas when she could talk free like. So, I reckon yer meut's well stay."

I thanked him.

"Now, stranger, my name's Sank," he continued. "You jes' lope up to the bars and light, and hitch your hoss onto that 'ere saplin, and trot right into the shanty, bekase I'm 'er gwine after the cows."

I followed instructions, and, dismounting, entered the cabin. As I crossed the threshold, a young girl arose from a squatting posture before the open fireplace, and, throwing up her hands with a gesture of surprise, exclaimed:

"Lorsee! if here ain't er *human* in sto' clothes!"

This exclamation attracted the attention of the entire household, who were all congregated in this one room, in as much as it comprised all the apartments of the mansion. Just then a grunt swelled from a pile of bed-clothes in the corner, where, I surmised "Dad" was wrestling with "influenzy."

The old woman advanced, gave a pull at a bandage about her chin, and said:

"You mus' 'scuse me for not welcomm you afore now, stranger, but, truth is, my jaw is busted; and it's that bad I kin scesrcely make out whether I'm a talkin' er whether I'm a callin' hogs. And the ole man thar," she continued, "is tuck with the miseries, and I'll be scratched if I know how to set him onto his trotters agin."

"Has he taken anything?" I asked.

"He tuck a tallow rag, yistiddy, and that hope him some, but, to-day, it kinder lays on him heavy like."

I thought that a tallow rag would lay pretty heavy on any man's digestive organs, but said nothing.

Hearing a creaking sound, I turned and saw the door open to admit a burly, cross-eyed, grim-visaged individual, whom I at once recognized as "Jim."

"Stranger," said the old woman, "this is Jim. Jim, this is the stranger."

We shook hands standing and in silence.

Presently Sank returned; the old man arose from his bed in the corner; Jim lit his pipe; the old woman unfolded her knitting, and Sal nestled up to me, and began eyeing me so intently that I was about to think she contemplated a serious proposal, when Jim arose, went to a cupboard in the corner and returned with an armful of sweet potatoes, which he deposited on the hearth and covered with ashes.

I watched this process very feelingly and glanced around for some more substantial indications of supper, but, none, appearing, I concluded that we were to have a cold supper, what was left over from dinner, probably.

In a few minutes the potatoes were roasted, and, raking them out, Jim held a large one up to me and said:

"Have a slab?"

I was tempted to take it, but fearing that it might spoil my supper, I declined.

"Now, see here, stranger,," chimed in Sal, who had regarded my action with evident distrust, "you needn't be cuttin' up no capers, 'cause that's all the supper thar is. It's slab or nuthin', so you'd better slab."

I "slabbed."

Sank's chill came on in due time, and, as he doubled up in the bed clothes, shivering and chattering and grunting, he called out: "Doan furgit the gourd o' water, dad!"

The old man arose, and, filling a large gourd with water, inserted it in a crack between the logs forming the wall. At length the family bed-time arrived, and, without much formality, we proceeded to "pile around" on the floor indiscriminately, without regard to sex, color or previous condition of servitude. My feet rested in serene solitude on the top of the old man's head, while the old woman's No. 8's served as head-boards for my bed. The last "good-night" was Sank's appeal: "Doan furgit the gourd o' water, dad."

About midnight, I awoke from a troubled dream to find everything quiet, save the spasmodic snorts of the old man and old woman, as they galloped along in a snoring chorus. Presently, I felt something dragging over my face, and raising my hand, for it was quite dark, I grasped what I thought was the drapery of a ghost, but which proved to be the skirt of Sank's "toga," as he crawled over me *en route* for the "gourd o' water."

The next morning I left with a "good-bye" from the old woman; a grunt from the old man; a nod from Jim; a cordial grasp of the hand from Sank, and a sweet smile from Sal.

* * * * * *

Four years later I entered West Point, and among the first cadets I saw there was Sank, looking exactly as I had seen him four years before in the pine forests Florida, except that the "toga" had been exchanged for a cadet suit of gray.

Sank was an officer. He was an aristocrat.

He used to drill the "plebes," myself among the number, and though he endeavored to impress me with the dignity of his station, I could never detach his image from the associations of surly Jim, "influenzied dad," broken-jawed "mam," and jilted sister Sal.

I always imagined that he looked better in his old "toga" than in the attire of a nursling of military aristocracy, and that his *forte* was calling cows, rather than commanding soldiers; and often when Sank was putting us through a sham battle, far above the roar of belching cannon; far above the fierce rattle of musketry; far above the deep roll of martial drums; far above the mellow notes of the bugle call; far above the clear command: "Column, forward, march!" swelled a voice from the wilds of memory, which, pealing forth, high in air, seemed to say:

"Doan furgit the gourd o' water, dad!"

And he was a "W. P." Aristocrat.

"DI MERO."

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

In my last, I bid ye adew jest as I was a goin tu go down intu the drawin-room. Wal, I peramberlated myself right along intu the room, and thar sot graud-marm lookin as skeered like, but I was as carm as a summer mornin. Mandy Malviny's beau was there. His hair was plastered down ontu whatsomever brains he happened tu have; and though I du think it made him look silly, arter the fust glance, I forgive it in him; he was so perlite tu yer Aunt Patty. And I jest wish tu observe right here, for the benefit of the risin' generation, that tu my mind, a young man who treats an aged female person with as much respect as he does a young one, is a superior sort of chap if he does mostly kiver up his furhed.

The young feller, as I was sayin', tuk quite an interest in me, and revarted tu my bein' a geni-ess, and contributionin to the noosepapers. Ses he tu me, ses he, "Miss Patty, will ye favor us with the subjick of yer next effoosion?"

Ses I, "It's huskin-frolict. I gin em my promist, and huskin-frolict it shall be," a wavin' of my hand tu give emphasist tu my words.

Ses he: "Miss Patty, will it dittract from its 'riginal flaver of ye should show us the condissension tu rillate it fust tu us; and jest because perliteness is a sorter soft-sodder soothin' to the karnal creeter, and because Malviny, who is a dear good gal, of she is orfully tied back, sot in tu coaxin' tu, I yielded tu em.

"The last huskin' bee I tended was in Bill Johnson's log barn," says I. "Many and many a year ago, it was. We cum together from far and near; from the holler road, and from the clearin', from the mill-way, and from the beach hill road, and when we got sembled intu that barn, there was stooks in the middle and round the ages, and we all sot tu, and the way the husks flew off them years of corn was a caution, I can tell ye. There was a jolly lot on us, though the whip-poo cum all round us and sung the dismalest kind.

Bill was called a natral mean critter, and he meant to git all he could out on us, so all the black moldy years the boys rubbed ontu some spot or ruther of Bill's face, till he was a sight tu behold, but with the red years they managed, ef they could, tu tech the cheeks of the gals they liked best, and then they was no cryin' out agin it, they'd got tu be kissed.

The pumpkin pie, that night was bout miners the fixens, but we cum together mostly fer ricreation, so we let it pars. When the barn was onest clearn of husks, every eye was bent on Dick Trumble, a poor lame boy that Judith Starks liked tu distraction, though he was poor as Job's turkey, and her father owned a saw mill and was rich as Cesars. But it was mazin how poor Dick could twang a bow, you, sartin, never hearn anything like it, childern; jest let him strike intu a reel and ye went spinnin round, and cum out all right somewhere ef ye didn't know bout the figger.

Wal, at the fust dash of that ere bow, each boy sprung over tu tother side the barn fer his gal, and 'twas bout every time a true case of natral selection, sartin's I'm alive."

As near's I can calkelate, 'twas in these very words that yer Aunt Patty rillated this tale, which I respectably submit tu ye,

Yer most obejent sarv't,

AUNT PATTY.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

MR. BLACK, the English novelist, is coming to this country.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will be a candidate for Congress this year.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS will not return to this country next season.

MOZART played the piano in public before he was twelve years old.

LONGFELLOW received $200,000 with his wife, but has earned only $60,000 with his pen.

BRYANT has made $400,000 from the *Evening Post*, and only $15,000 from his books.

EMERSON lives on a small patrimony, and has made only $20,000 from all his works.

BAYARD TAYLOR gets $6,000 a year as editorial writer on the *Tribune*. His works have yielded him some $50,000.

THE Reverend Ezra D. Winslow, the forger, is writing an autobiography, which is soon to be printed in Boston.

H. J. BYRON'S new comedy is called "The Bull by the Horns." The scenery is said to be particularly *horn*-amental. Byronic, with a vengeance.

B. L. FARJEON'S first dramatic effort, entitled "Home, Sweet Home," has been produced at the London Olympic.

ILMA DE MURSKA, the popular prima donna, was recently married in Austria to John Hill, the pianist.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has been elected President of the alumni of Williams College, for the coming year.

DOM PEDRO is a poet—that is, he wrote some verses in an album that were copied into "Godey's Lady's Book" in 1865.

LORD LYTTON'S poems with the exception of his most recent work, "King Poppy," will be published shortly in a new edition.

J. S. C. ABBOTT, the author, is lying in a critical condition at Fair Haven, Conn., and there is little hope of his recovery.

AGNES BOOTH has been engaged by Jarrett & Palmer for the leading business at Booth's Theater next season.

FLAMMARION, the celebrated author, has just completed a new work, which aims to prove that the planets are inhabited.

MISS KATHERINE ROGERS, the English actress is to pay Anna Dickinson $500 for her new play, which is double the amount paid for the "Two Orphans."

JANAUSCHEK returns to America next season. Her advance agent, also her husband, Fred Pillot, is in New York arranging her dates.

SAXE, the poet, is in good enough health for a trip to the mountains in August and 150 engagements on the lecture stand the coming fall and winter.

KATE FIELD adds to her accomplishments as author, lecturer, singer, and actress that of after-dinner speaking, in which she is said to win attention and applause.

MR. BOUCICAULT comes to America this month. Miss Carlotta Leclerq and Miss Neilson are among those who will come in the autumn.

BUFFALO BILL is on the plains acting as chief of the scouts in the Indian war. He will not return to the stage until the war is at an end.

FANNY KEMBLE has taken up her residence at Lenox, Mass., for the summer, and Mrs. Audubon, widow of the great naturalist, intends to reside permanently at Bridgeport, Conn.

IN London Pere Hyacinthe is quite the oratorical lion of the hour. He has already delivered two lectures on the prospects of Christendom, to crowded audiences in St. James Hall, and has promised to deliver a third.

OFFENBACH, before leaving, contracted to write a book on America, and Carleton will be its publisher. The translation from the French will be made by Bertie Marriott of the London *Times*. The book will be published about September 1st.

IT is reported that ten thousand copies of Lieutenant Cameron's book on his exploration of Central Africa have been ordered in England, and that his share of the profits is already $[illegible].

VICTOR Hugo must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, eight hundred shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over £63,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S first work was published in Boston 40 years ago. It was entitled "Nature," and it had this motto prefixed: "Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know."

BAYARD TAYLOR, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, apropos of his recitation from memory of the Centennial Ode, has a marvelous memory, like that of Macaulay, and can recite famous poems all day without reference to the books as perfectly as if reading from the printed page.

MISS MINNIE PALMER, the coming actress of America, is to star next season in a new play entitled "Kisses," written for her by A. R. Cazauran, of Brooklyn. Although but sixteen years old, she has achieved a success which would reflect credit upon an actress of maturer years and more varied experience. Beautiful, gifted, *piquant*, living for and within the circle of her art, her very earnestness disarms criticism and makes the public love her for herself as well as her artistic accomplishments.

AUGUSTA J. EVANS, the author of "Beulah," "Macaria," "St. Elmo," "Vashti," and "Infelice," is about forty years of age, and the wife of a rich man who lives at Mobile, Alabama. She is said by those who know her to be the best educated woman in America. An admiring correspondent says: "It is just as natural for her to write of classic shades and quote foreign languages as it is for her to write at all. Within eight years her publisher has paid her $100,000 as her share of the profits from the sale of her books.

THE ELECTRAL VOTE SINCE 1836.

The following table will be of much interest at the present time, and we publish it, not that it will throw much light upon the prospects of the coming election, but the figures may evoke thought and explain some curious results:

	Popular.	*Electral.*
1836.		
Martin VanBuren	761,549	170
All others	736,856	124
1840.		
W. H. Harrison	1,275,011	234
M. VanBuren	1,128,702	60
1844.		
James K. Polk	1,337,243	170
All others	1,301,262	105
1848.		
Zachary Taylor	1,360,099	163
All others	1,421,967	127
1852.		
Franklin Pierce	1,601,474	254
All others	1,542,403	42
1856.		
James Buchanan	1,838,169	174
All others	2,218,798	122
1860.		
Abraham Lincoln	1,866,352	180
All others	2,810,501	124
1864.		
Abraham Lincoln	2,216,067	213
All others	1,808,725	21
1865.		
Ulysses S. Grant	3,593,507	214
Horatio Seymour	2,709,613	80
1872.		
Ulysses S. Grant	3,587,579	300
All others	2,830,736	74

TAKE all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness and depth and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

THE following is a hitherto unpublished romance connected with the life of one of the most prominent officials connected with the Signal Service Bureau. He was engaged to be married to a lovely, charming and wealthy girl. The eve of the wedding dawned—if an eve can dawn—and they were occupying the same rocking-chair and talking as insanely as only lovers can talk, when the fair one said:

"Albert, duckey, there is one thing I wish you do when we are married." "Name it, lovely," he replied. "That is, petty, to have no rain on Monday, because, you know, darling, that Monday is washing day, and if the things are not washed and dried then the week's work is so fearfully put back. You will, won't you, my own?" This young man's heart was torn, but he replied. "Maud, dearest, my duty to my bleeding country demands imperatively that I shall whoop her up the precise sort of weather that heaven will probably send impartially during the next twenty-four hours upon the just and unjust, without regard to age, sex or previous condition of servitude. If an area of barometric trouble exists in the Middle States on Monday, how can I consistently with my duty declare that the probabilities favor clear weather with light winds from the south-east? No, angel, ask me anything but that. I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." "Then you do not love me," she said, bursting into tears. The reader will readily understand how they progressed to a quarrel and parted enemies. She returned his presents and is now lecturing on woman's rights, and he is a confirmed misogynist and sits up all Sunday night at the signal service office, with fiendish glee making out bulletins for Monday announcing falling barometers, atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains, showery weather, and so on.

A RUSSIAN DINNER.

It is worth while to go to St. Petersburg if only to eat a Russian dinner. Like all northern nations, the Russians rejoice in raw food and startling contrasts Some of their favorite soups are eaten cold, and their tea is drunk so hot as to be impossible to an American palate. As a preparation for dinner some of a long list of relishes are chosen, and washed down by strong liquors. You may take caviar, raw herring, raw smoked salmon, raw dried sturgeon, raw smoked goose, cheese, butter, or even, like a seasoned Russian, several of these delicacies. They are the introduction to a cold iced soup of "kvas" (a beverage made of fermented rye), with pieces of herring, cucumber and meal floating in it; or another cold soup of a green color, or, what is really good, "atchi," a cabbage soup to be eaten with sour cream or fish soup. For your next course—fish—you are recommended to select either Rastigai patties, very much like muffins, with fish, or "solianka" a dish composed of fish and cabbage. By this time you should be broken in sufficiently to face with equanimity the words "porosionk pod khrenom," or their manifestations in the flesh—namely: cold boiled sucking pig, with horse-radish sauce. You may then add the really delicious chicken, or veal cutlets and roast mutton stuffed with buckwheat, passing on to capercailzie, riabchick (a kind of grouse), or double snipe, with salted cucumbers for salad, and various sweet dishes, including Nesselrode pudding in the land of its birth. "If digestion requires it!" you may return to cheese and caviar; but if you have indeed succeeded in eating all these dishes with relish, there can be no apparent reason on the score of digestion why you should not go on again with the cold soup, and spend a few hours more or less dining in a circle. You ought meanwhile to be drinking the wines of the Crimea, the Caucasus or Don, but you will not find it easy to get them unless you pay for them under the names of Bordeaux, Burgundy or Champagne. It is far better to try the cider, perry or raspberry kvas, or the cool Lompopo. Coffee, yellow tea, liqueurs and cigarettes complete the repast, and may or may not induce such calmness of mind as will enable you to contemplate with philosophy the sum total of a Russian bill.

HORTICULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

Every teacher of a district or common school should know enough of budding and grafting to teach the scholars in practical lesson. The leading principles of physiology, as taught in Gray's First Lessons, may be taught by any intelligent teacher in the course of a few days, in connection with a little voluntary field practice. Young students may understand a great deal about germination by planting beans, peas, corn, wheat, etc., and examining the progress of young shoots every day. They can try the effects of planting at different depths at the same time. They can trace the length of roots from young trees. A few ligatures about the limbs of trees will show them much in relation to circulation, in the course of the summer. Every teacher should show his pupils how to bud and graft, and how to raise plants from cuttings and layers. He should explain the principles to them on which success depends. These things should be well understood by both boys and girls; they will not only prove attractive and interesting, but be useful all their days. Young men spend years in the study of Latin and algebra, which are useful, but one-tenth of this time given to the fascinating and useful arts connected with vegetation growth would be more valuable for the time devoted. Young ladies study French and crayon work for years, but if they could cut off a few fragments of this time and give them to some of the arts connected with horticulture, it would be better for their health, their minds, and add much to their usefulness.—*Country Gentleman.*

OUR knowledge of what is true would be greatly benefited if the attention of mankind could be directed for a while to a critical examination of things that they think they know, but of which in reality they know very little. We should then have less of the vicious custom of reasoning on suppositions that have no better foundation than the imagination of those who utter them.

NELLIE DENE.

A Fairy Tale for Little Folks.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

One evening as Nellie sat in her little garden summer-house, weeping over her past idle life, there suddenly appeared before her a very small and hideously ugly creature in the shape of a man. She started in fear at seeing the uncouth object so close to her, without seeing how he approached. His head was immensely large, and his shoulders broad, yet he was not much higher than her knee. His eyes were small and deeply sunken in his head, they were ever shifting and restless, twinkling and moving from side to side with involuntary flashings, like the flames of two tapers exposed to the winds on a dark night. The color of his face was of a glistening greenish, sickly yellow, drawn and puckered into many hues and wrinkles. His nose was flat, and his mouth large with long protruding teeth, and on his chin was red coarse bristly hair, while a shock of the same color covered his head, and streamed over his shoulders. He glared up at Nellie, and forgetting the grief that filled her heart, she shuddered before his glance. He glanced spitefully as he spoke—

"How do you do this evening, Nellie Dunmare? Is it not a shame for you to make your pretty eyes so red crying, and your husband coming home to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," repeated Nellie, in fear and wonder.

"Yes, indeed, tomorrow, Mrs. Dunmare," said he again, and his voice was deep and hollow. "To-morrow; yes, yes, you are a fine wife for an industrious poor man!"

"Oh! what will become of me? What shall I do?" cried Nellie, forgetting everything in the fear and shame of meeting her husband.

"I'll tell you what to do," replied the little man, "and if you take my advice, you will be a happy woman yet."

"Oh, tell me, tell me; and I'll pray for a blessing on your head night and morning. I'll pray to—"

"I don't want your prayers or your blessings," said he, interrupting her, "but I wish to do you a service in your need, and it's in my power."

"Then what am I to do?" said she.

"I'll soon tell you, Nellie Dunmare," he replied, "and you have not much time to spare in thinking."

She bent forward in eager anxiety.

"Listen to me attentively. These are the conditions. You must promise to be mine, and to come with me on this day seven years hence, unless you can tell my name between this and that day; and on every day from this to that, I'll give you seven pairs of stockings."

She paused. "Seven pairs of stockings," she repeated, "every day for seven years; and then unless I tell your name I must be yours, and go away with you."

"That's the very thing, Nellie," said he. "Are you willing?"

"Who are you or what are you?" she asked in astonishment.

"No matter who or what I am. I can do what I say," he answered. "Will you take my offer and be happy? refuse it, and you are miserable."

"Oh, I don't know you," said she, shuddering, as she contemplated the strange being who asked her to be his. "And you make me tremble to look at you. Yet my heart is breaking."

"You should have thought of this before," said the spiteful-looking elf, "before you deceived a trusting man. What will he say to his wasteful wife, to-morrow!"

"I can never meet him. Oh, I wish the earth would open and devour me," she cried, passionately.

"Then take my offer. I promise you riches, honors, and the smiles and love of your husband if you take it; but poverty, reproach, and shame if you refuse." He urged with vindictive earnestness.

"Won't you tell me where you live at least, that I may guess who you are?" and as she asked the question she weighed the proposal, and her mind was wavering.

"You know the place well," he answered. "I live in the little green valley of Muzzlefast. Often, I have watched you in the evening sun, when you were but a child, fair daughter of a race of strangers," and his voice quivered as he spoke.

Poor Nell did not know what to do. She shrunk in fear from this deformed little being; still she dreaded to meet and brave the anger of a deceived and disappointed husband.

"Riches and honor," thought she; "poverty and shame, love and contempt; seven years was a long time to look forward to—the ugly dwarf might die, or she herself might die before the time expired; and if it came to the worst at last, it was but boldly breaking the contract and defying him."

A low, deep cackling laugh startled her from her reverie. She looked; his fiery, restless eyes were throwing flitting yet piercing glances over her face; and a malignant grin twisted itself about the corners of his terrible mouth.

"I now make my offer for the last time," said he. "I cannot waste my favors on the ungrateful. Choose your fate at once; be happy or miserable forever!" She paused, looked hesitatingly, but did not reply.

"I cannot remain with you longer," he continued; "farewell, unfortunate wife," and he turned to depart. Impelled by a sudden impulse, she stretched her hands out to him; he receded like a shadow from her touch.

"I agree—I agree!" said she. "I will either tell you your name, or be yours at the end of seven years, and do what you promised—make me happy!"

"It is well," he said; "you shall be happy. I am pledged, and thus I put my mark on you;" and stooping down he plucked a tall stalk of the beautiful grass called "fairy flax," and drawing its powdery seedy head through his hand, so as to separate it from the stem, he threw it in her face. She put up her hand to wipe away the dusty particles, and when she looked about her again, the mysterious being was not to be seen. A low laugh, half stifled, as from the other side of the hedge, broke upon her ear, but—she was alone!

Sadly Nellie went to bed that night, and tried to dream away the cares and vexations of her overloaded heart. When she awoke in the morning she was inclined to think her interview with the strange little man was all a dream, until her eyes fell on a heap of stockings, new and neatly folded on a table near her.

Her husband returned that day. He was a pleased and happy man. His trip had been profitable beyond his hopes; and as his wife flew to welcome him, he could not forbear turning an eye of pride on the goodly row of new stockings hanging on a line opposite to him. She caught that glance, and was blessed. Dennis Dunmare soon grew rich, and Nellie, as the little old man had promised, was happy and beloved. Everything they undertook prospered, and Dennis soon became known all over the country as "The Great Stocking Merchant." His hose became the fashion with high and low, rich and poor. No other would please, so remarkable were they for their fineness and durability.

Success still followed success. Dennis placed the contents of his pack into a neat little shop, which soon made room for a well stocked establishment, and to which, after a few years, he added a hotel or inn, which he called "The Red Stag."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No 32, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXIII—[CONTINUED.]

LAID TO REST.

As Sir Karl entered the sick chamber, his brother partially raised, but fell back with a convulsive groan.

Karl swallowed a sob.

"I am dying, Karl," began the sick man, "but it is time there was an end to this. You don't know what it has been, Karl. No one can know what it is to live under an unsheathed sword, as I have, unless they experience it. And few in this world can do that. It was all a mistake together. The shooting of Scott, when I should have horsewhipped him; the escape from Portland; the taking up my abode here; everything; and these mistakes, Karl, have to be worked out. I have paid for mine with life."

Karl did not answer. He was only nervously pressing the wasted hand in his.

"It is all, I say, for the best. I see it now. It was best that the little lad should go; it is best that I should; it is best that you should be the true owner of Foxwood. It should have been too much of a complication otherwise. The boy could never have put forth a claim to it while I lived; and, after that, people might but have pointed their scornful finger at him as the son of a convict. I thank God for taking him."

"Should you talk so much, Adam?"

"I don't know. A man in my condition, about to leave the world behind, prefers to talk while he can. You will take care of my wife, Karl. There was no settlement, you know, and—"

"I will take care of her to the best of my power, Adam," came the earnest interruption. "She shall have a proper and suitable jointure as the widowed Lady Wynne."

"No, Karl, not that. She and I have talked over the future at odd moments, and we do not wish it. Rose does not mean to acknowledge her marriage with me, or to live in any kind of state in accordance with it. She will be Mrs. Grey to the end. Unless, indeed, any occasion were to arise, such as a tarnishing breath of scandal brought against this period of her life. Then, of course, the truth must be declared; and you, Karl, would have to come forward and testify to it. I leave that in your hands."

"With every surety," assented Karl.

"A few hundreds a year, say four or five, are all that she will want from you, or take. Her late uncle's money must come to her sometime, and that of itself would be almost enough. She proposes to live a retired life with her aunt—and I think it will be the happiest for her. In my desk, Karl, you will find a paper in my handwriting, setting forth all these wishes of hers and mine; it will serve as a direction for you. No," he went on after a pause, "for her own peace, the world must never know her as Lady Wynne. She dreads it too much. See you not the reason?—she would have to stand before the public convicted of perjury. That fatal trial is rarely out of her mind, Karl—when she appeared falsely as Miss Rose Turner. The foolish things people do in their blindness!—it was my fault. *Her* fault lay only in obeying me; but your charitable people would not accept that as an excuse. Be it as it may, Karl, Rose's life henceforth will be one of modest position and strict retirement. Ann Hopley goes with her."

Looking at the matter from all points of view, it might be, as Sir Adam said, for the best.

"And you will be Sir Karl in reality as well as in seeming, brother mine; and Foxwood will be your true home and your children's after you. That is only justice. When you arranged to marry Lucy Cleeve you deemed yourself to be the inheritor, and she deemed it. My death will set all to rights. And now about Smith, Karl. The man did me a good service, for I should have been retaken but for him; and he has been faithful to me since. I should like you to allow him something in the shape of an annuity—a hundred and fifty pounds a year, or so. Not the cottage; he will not stay in this neighborhood when I am gone. It was through me that his arm got injured; which, of course, partly incapacitates him for work; and I think I am bound to provide for him."

"It shall be done," said Karl. "Ungrudgingly."

"I have mentioned it in the paper, and the sum. He—he—he—"

Sir Adam's hesitation was caused by faintness. He broke down, and for the time said no more. Nor did he recur to the subject again.

The day went on, Adam partially sleeping through it. At other times he lay in a kind of stupor. Mr. Moore attended at intervals; but nothing further could be done. At dusk, Hewitt came over for a last farewell; and he sobbed bitterly as he said it.

Karl did not go home. At which Miss Blake was in much private wonder. Discarding the poacher theory, she shrewdly suspected now that he must be at the Maze—taking the opportunitity of his wife's absence to play the gay bachelor away from home. She asked Hewitt, she questioned Giles; Giles knew nothing; Hewitt fancied Sir Karl might be detained at Basham on business.

And so the night set in. When quite awake, Adam had the full possession of his senses, and exchanged a few words, sometimes with his wife, sometimes with Karl. About three o'clock he fell into a calm sleep. Karl watched on; Rose, weak and sick and weary, dropped into a doze in a distant chair. Ann Hopley was in the kitchen below.

Save for the faint sighing of the wind as it swept round the house, stirring the branches of the trees, there was no sound to be heard. Stillness reigned unbroken in the dying chamber. How many of us have kept these watches! But who has kept them as this was being kept by Karl Wynne?"

With that bitter aching of the heart known to but few, and which when felt in its greatest intensity, is the saddest pain the troubles of the world can give, Karl sat gazing on his brother. In his love for him, every pang endured by Adam in the past was a sting to him, every hazard run had reflected on him its dread apprehension. He sat thinking of what might have been; looking on what was; and an awful regret, than which nothing like unto it could be ever again experienced, tore at his heart strings for the wasted life, cut short, ere it had reached its prime. More than willingly in that moment would Karl have given his own remaining days to undo what his brother had done, and to restore to him freedom and honor. It might not be. Adam's course was run; and he was passing away in obscurity from the world in which he had virtually no longer a place. Never for a moment did the immunity from perplexity it would bring to himself or the release from the false position he had been compelled to assume, occur to Karl; or, if it did, it was not dwelt upon; all of self and self interest was lost in the regret and grief for his brother. He saw Adam living at Foxwood Court with his wife, its master; held in repute by men; he saw himself settled near with Lucy; his fortunes advanced by his brother's aid to a position not unacceptable to Colonel Cleeve; he saw his mother alive still, and happy; a united family, enjoying comfort the one with the other. This might have been. His mother dead of a broken heart; Adam, dying before his eyes, an escaped fugitive; his own life blighted with pain and sorrow unutterable for Adam's sake, his wife estranged from him—this was what was. Be you very sure that no earthly pang could be keener than that despairing heart-ache felt by Karl Wynne.

How many a night at that still hour had Adam lain in his terror, listening to the moaning wind with supernaturally quick ears, lest it should be only covering other sounds—the approach of his deadly enemies! How many times in a night had he quitted his bed, his heart beating, and stolen a cautious peep behind the blind to see whether they might not be there, in battle array, waiting until the dawn should come and they might get in to take him! Ah, it was all at an end now; the fever, and the fear, and the wasting restlessness. Why! if the men were drawn up round his bed, they would not care to touch him. But the terror, from force of habit, stayed with him to the last.

He started up. How long he had slept, and how the night was going, Karl in his abstraction hardly knew. Adam's eyes looked somewhat wild in the shade of the night light and he put up his feeble hand.

"What is it?" asked Karl gently.

"I thought they were here, Karl: I saw them in the room," he whispered—and his eyes went round it. "They had muskets, I think. Was it a dream?"

"Nothing but a dream, Adam. I am with you. Rose is asleep in the arm-chair."

"Ay. I have not dreamt of them for a week past. Stay by me, Karl."

Karl would have risen to administer some cordial; but Adam was holding his hand in a tight grasp; had shut his eyes, and seemed to be dropping asleep again.

He slept about half an hour, and Karl's imprisoned arm went from a state of pins and needles into the cramps. When Adam awoke, there was a smile on his face and a peaceful rest in his eyes. He was quite collected.

"Karl, I dreamt of them again, but they had turned to angels. They were here, all about my bed. Oh Karl, I wish you could see them as I saw them! you'd never be afraid of anything more in this world. What's that?"

Karl turned round; for Adam's eyes here fixed on something or other behind him. He could see nothing save a streak of light, herald of the dawn, that came in at the side of the blind.

"Do you mean the light, Adam? It's the dawn breaking."

"Ay. *My* dawn. Draw up the blind, Karl."

Softly, not to awake Rose, Karl drew it up. Rose-colored clouds, heralds of a beauteous sunrise, flooded the east. Adam lay and gazed at it, the smile on his face changing to a rapt look that seemed to speak of heaven, more than of earth.

"It will be better there than here, Karl. For me."

"Better for all of us."

"I am very happy, Karl. The world is fading from me, heaven opening. Forgive me all that I have cost you."

Karl's heart and eyes were alike full.

"Just as the men who had troubled me were changed into angels, so my fear has changed to rest. The angels are about the bed still, Karl; I know they are; waiting for me. The same lovely light shone on them that is shining yonder; and they told me without words that they were come to bear me up to God. I read it in their tender faces—so full of pitying love for me. It won't be very long, Karl; you'll come later."

Karl's tears were falling on the upturned face.

"I should like to have seen your wife, Karl; just once. Tell her so, with my love. Ask her to forgive me the worry I know I have caused her."

"I will, I will."

"Oh Karl, it has been a dreadful life for me; you know it has. I began to think that God had forgotten me—how foolish I was: He was full of mercy all the while and kept me here in safety, and has now changed it all into peace. Listen, Karl! there's a sound of sweet music."

Karl could hear nothing but the wind.

"It is the angels singing," whispered Adam, a smile of ineffable beauty on his face. "They sing on the journey, you know. Good-bye, Karl, good-bye!"

Karl bent his face, his tears streaming, his heart aching. These partings are too bitter to be told of. This was most essentially so.

"Where's Rose, Karl?"

She was already by Karl's side. He yielded his place to her, and went down to Ann; and there sobbed over the kitchen fire as a woman might have done.

But in the midst of it all, he could say as his brother had done, "Thank God." If ever a poor sinful weary man had need to rejoice that he was removed to that better world, it was Adam Wynne.

Rose's bell called Karl up again. The last moment was at hand. Ann Hopley followed; and they all stood round the bed and saw him die. The red clouds had dispersed; the sun was just showing itself above the verge of the horizon.

* * * * * * * * *

Foxwood heard the news. Mrs. Grey's shaky old gardener was dead, James Hopley. Mr. Moore, when applied to for particulars, went into a learned dissertation on chronic rheumatism, and said that he was not able to save him.

Ann Hopley astonished the undertaker. She gave orders for three coffins; and they must be of the best, she said, if it cost her a hundred pounds. Her poor husband and she had saved money, and she should like to spend it on him.

Tuesday came. About twelve o'clock in the day the funeral turned out of the Maze gates; sundry curious ones amid the juveniles being assembled to witness the exit. A funeral was not an every-day event at Foxwood, and, besides, the Maze had been exciting interest of late. It was a simple funeral. The plumed hearse and one mourning coach; the undertaker and carriers walking. In the coach went Ann Hopley smothered in a hood, with Hewitt to bear her company.

As the clergyman began to read, springing she could not tell from whence, there advanced Sir Karl Wynne. He was in black attire, but wore neither crape band nor scarf; and it might have been thought he was only an ordinary spectator. Hewitt, however, drew a step back to give his master the place of precedence, as though out of proper respect, as did Ann Hopley; and Sir Karl took off his hat and stood there, close to the coffin, his bared head bent low.

The interment was over. The procession—what was left of it—went its way back again, Hewitt and Ann Hopley side by side in the coach. Sir Karl strolled away over the fields, and presently found himself joined by Mr. Smith.

"So your mission at Foxwood is over," he sadly cried to the latter. "I have no more need to make believe I want an agent now."

"Ay, it's over, Sir Karl. Better almost that he had fallen in the fray at Weymouth; that I had never saved him; than have lived to what his life has since been."

"Better for him had he never come to the Maze," rejoined Sir Karl.

"It was none of my doing. As you know, sir."

"Well, it is over, with all its risks and chances," sighed Karl. "He is at rest now."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REPENTENCE AND REMISSION.

Down on her knees in self abasement, the tears of contrition running from her eyes, her face scarlet in its agony of shame, cowered Lucy Wynne at her husband's feet. She would not let him raise her. It seemed to her that a whole lifetime of repentence could never wash out her sin.

The elucidation of the misunderstanding, that had kept them apart for months, was taking place. On the day after the funeral, Karl sought his wife in the dressing room to tell her of what had occurred. She had scarcely spoken a word to him since his return, or allowed him to speak one to her. Very briefly, in half a dozen words, he informed her his brother was dead, and delivered the message that Adam had left for her. For a few minutes Lucy's bewilderment was utter; and, when she did at length grasp somewhat of the truth, her confusion and distress were pitiable.

"Oh Karl, Karl, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me? What can I do?—what can I do to atone for it?"

"You must get up Lucy, before I say whether I forgive you, or not."

"I cannot get up. It seems to me that I ought never to get up again. Your *brother* at the Maze! your brother's wife! Oh what must you have thought of my conduct? Oh Karl, why do you not strike me as I lie?"

Sir Karl put forth his arms and his strength and raised her to the sofa. She bent her face down on its pillow, to weep out her tears of shame.

"Come, Lucy," he said when he had waited a few minutes, sitting beside her. "We shall not arrive at the end in this way. If you were in ignorance of my brother's existence, and of all the complications for you and for me that it involved, what then was it that you were resenting?"

"Don't ask me, Karl," she said, her face growing scarlet again. "I could not tell you for the shame."

He drew a little away, making a movement to put her from him. Never had his countenance been so stern to her as it was now, never could he be so little trifled with. Lucy shivered.

"If there is to be an explanation between us, Lucy, it must be full and complete. I insist upon its being so. If you refuse to give it now—why I shall never ask you for it again. Do you not think you owe me one?"

Again she bent her crimson face upon him. "I owe you everything, Karl; I owe you more reparation than I can ever pay. Never, as long as our lives shall last, will I have a secret from you again, heaven helping me. If I hesitate to tell you this, it is because I am ashamed for you to know how foolish I could be, and the wicked thoughts I could have."

"Not more foolish or wicked, I daresay, than I was for making you my wife. Speak out, Lucy. It must be so, you see, if there be a renewal of peace between us."

Keeping her head where it was, her face hidden from him, Lucy whispered her confession. Karl started from her in very astonishment.

"Lucy! You could think that! Of me!"

She put up her hands beseechingly. "Oh forgive me, Karl; for the sake of the pain, forgive me! It seemed to be killing me all the while. See how worn and thin I am."

He put his arm out and drew her to his side. "Go on, my dear. How did you pick up the notion?"

"It was Theresa." And now that the ice was broken, anxious to tell all and clear herself, Lucy described the past in full: the cruel anguish she had battled with, and her poor, ever-to-be-renewed efforts to endure patiently, for his sake and for God's. Karl's arm involuntarily tightened around her.

"Why did you not speak to me of this at once, Lucy?" he asked after a pause. "It would have cleared it up, you see."

"I did speak to you, Karl; and you seemed to understand me entirely, and to accept it all as truth. You must remember your agitation, and how you begged me not to let it come to an exposure."

"But I thought you alluded to the trouble about my poor brother, that it was the fact of his being alive you had discovered and were resenting. *That* was the exposure I dreaded. And no wonder; for, if it had come it would have sent him back to Portland Island."

"Oh if I had known, all this time!" bewailed Lucy. "Stuck up here in my false pride and folly, instead of helping you to shield them and to lighten their burden! I cannot hope that you will ever quite forgive me in your heart, Karl."

"Had it been as I supposed it was, I am not quite sure that I should. Not quite, Lucy, even to our old age. You took it up so harshly and selfishly, looking at it from my point of view, and resented it in so extraordinary a fashion, so bitter a spirit——"

"Oh don't, don't!" she pleaded, slipping down to his feet again in the depth of her remorse, the old sense of shame on her burning cheeks. "Won't you be merciful to me? I have suffered so much."

"Why, my darling, you are mistaking me again," he cried tenderly, as he once more raised her. "I said, looking at it from my point of view. Looking at it from yours, Lucy, I am amazed at your gentle forbearance. Few young wives would have been so good and patient as you."

"Then do you really forgive me, Karl?" she asked, raising her eyes and her wet cheeks."

"Before I answer that, I think I must ask whether you forgive my having married you—now that you know all."

"Oh Karl!"

She fell upon his shoulder, her arms round his neck. Karl caught her face to his. He might take what kisses he chose from it again.

"Karl, would you please let me go to see her?" she whispered.

"See whom?" asked Karl, in rather a hard tone, his mind pretty full just then of Miss Blake.

"Poor Lady Wynne."

"Yes, if you will," he softly said. "I think she would like it. But, my dear, you must call her 'Mrs. Grey' remember. Not only for safety, but that she would prefer it."

* * * * * * * * *

They stood together in the north parlor: Sir Karl Wynne and Miss Blake. In the least severe terms he knew how to employ, Sir Karl was telling her of her abuse of his hospitality—the setting his wife against him—and intimating that her visit to them had better for the present terminate.

"You might have done incalculable mischief, Miss Blake; mischief that could never be repaired in this world," he said, standing to face her. "I do not allude to the estrangement that might have been caused between myself and my wife, but evil of a different nature. What could possibly have induced you to take up so outrageous a notion in regard to me?"

Miss Blake, in rather a shrill tone—for she was one of those unfortunate individuals whose voices grow harsh with annoyance—ventured upon a disparaging word of Mrs. Grey, but evaded the true question. Karl did not allow her to go on.

"That lady, madam," he said, raising his hand with a kind of solemnity, "was good and pure and honorable as is my own wife and my dear wife knows it now. She was sacred to me as a sister. Her husband was my dear and long tried friend; and he was for some months in great trouble and distress. I wished to do what I could to alleviate it; my visits there were paid to *him*."

"But he was not living there," rejoined Miss Blake, partly in hardy contest, partly in surprise.

"Indeed he was living there. He had his reason for not wishing to make any acquaintances in the place, and so kept himself in retirement: However, his troubles are at an end now; and—and the family have ceased to be my tenants."

Miss Blake was nettled. Her manner froze. "I see what it is, Sir Karl; you and your wife are so displeased with me that I feel my presence in your house is no longer welcome. As soon as I can make arrangements, I will quit it—thanking you both for your hospitality."

She paused. Sir Karl paused too. Perhaps she had a faint expectation that he would hasten to refute the decision and request her to stay on. But he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary he, in a word or two of politeness, acquiesced in the proposal of departure, as though it admitted of no question. And Sir Karl closed the interview, leaving her to understand that she had received her *congé*.

CONCLUSION.

A sweet calm day in early spring. Sir Karl and his wife stood on the steps of their house, hand in hand, ready to welcome Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve, who were driving up to pay a long visit. Lucy had recovered all her good looks; Karl's face had lost its sadness.

Things had been getting themselves straight after the dark time of trouble. Some pleasant neighbors were at the Maze now; Clematis was occupied by Margaret Sumnor. There was a new vicar of Foxwood. Mr. Sumnor, who had not been without his trials in life, had died in the winter. His widow and second family went to reside in London; Margaret, who had her own mother's fortune now—which was just enough to live upon quietly—removed to Clematis Cottage, to the extreme delight of Lady Wynne. Sir Karl was earning popularity everywhere. Caring earnestly for those about him, actively promoting the welfare of all, unceasingly and untiringly, generous in aiding, chary of fault-finding, Sir Karl Wynne was esteemed and beloved even more than Sir Joseph had been. Nothing educates and softens the human heart like the sharp school of adversity.

And so we leave all things at peace. The dark storms had rolled away and given place to sunshine.

[THE END.]

ORNITHOLOGISMS.

The great Eyrie bird—The eagle.
The great English bird—The crow.
The great Spreet's bird—The lark.
The great Sporting bird—The pigeon.
The great Christmas bird—The goose.
The great Toper's bird—The swallow.
The great Swimmer's bird—The duck.
The great Agricultural bird—The hen.
The great Feeding bird—The pelican.
The great Pedestrian bird—The stork.
The great Digesting bird—The ostrich.
The great Governor's bird—The snipe.
The great Love-bird—The turtle-dove.
The great Yankee bird—The early bird.
The great Nocturnalist's bird—The owl.
The great Political bird—The buzz-ard
The great Newspaper bird—The *canard*.
The great Thanksgiving bird—The turkey.
The great Cockney's bird—The guinea hen.
The great boarding-house bird—The old bird.
The great American bird—The bird in the hand.
The great Australian bird—The bird in the bush.
The great Austrian bird—The bird that thinks that two heads are better than one.

TWO ARISTOCRATS.

"Billy," said one newsboy to another, as they thronged the sidewalk in a mass awaiting the advent of the evening papers, "wot's the matter o' yer complexion? Ain't yer health good, my dear?"

"It's disserpasbun, cully," was the prompt reply. "Wot with operrers an' late hours in the spring, an' these swell parties just now, an' high livin', I'm a roonluin' my constertooshun. I ain't wat I wus in my younger days, I tell yer!"

"Jest ez I thought, Billy; yer must let up. Didn't I see yer makin' a call ez I directed my coachman ter take a little turn through Loocas Place yesterday, and didn't yer have a bookay?"

"I spose 'twas me yer saw. I take 'er a five dollar bookay now an' then. 'Smy style, yer know."

"Wa'al, it's all right, Billy, it's all right; but don't yer be throwin' yerself away! Yer too much uv an ornament to serciety, yer be, to waste yerself."

"Oh, I know my vally. Don't yer be alarmed. Hitch up yer britches an' have a partager, cully."

And then the two scions of a bloated aristocracy sat down on the curbstone together and smoked a couple of cigar stubs with great dignity and considerable labor.

FLOWERS should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessing, but constant in looking to him.

THE violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowers it yields the most delicious and fragrant perfume. Such was the humility of the dear departed.

EVERY year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

IT is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply no self-sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

CAST an eye into the gay world; what see we for the most part but a set of querulous, emancipated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure—creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity—the decayed monuments of error, the thin remains of what is called delight?

WE take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented: fashion, *bon ton*, and *virtu* are the names of certain idols to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul. In this world of resemblance we are contented with personating happiness—to feel it is an art beyond us.

EXCEPT a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book; a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

WHAT IS MORE COMMON OR DISTRESSING THAN A BILIOUS ATTACK? Who is not familiar with the well known symptoms, Oppression across the Stomach and Chest, Low Spirits, Restlessness, Gloominess of Mind, Weariness, Dull Headache, Dirty, Greasy Appearance of the Skin, Yellow Tinge of the White of the Eyes, Loss of Appetite, and Costiveness? Few, indeed, of the more ordinary ills of life are more widely prevalent than these Bilious Disorders, and yet they may be readily gotten rid of by using Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, by whose operation the Liver will be rapidly restored to healthy action, the vitiated secretions of the stomach changed, all costiveness removed, and the whole system assisted in recovering its normal condition.

AUNT POLLY'S ADVICE.

If things go wrong in the household
(As they often will, you know,)
Or you're worried out with cares that vex,
And the children cry you so,
Don't sit in the vale of shadows,
Or stoop to be a scold;
'Twill only make bad worse, you see,
While you grow gray and old.

I know how things will bother,
While work seems mountains high;
And the adding of a feather's weight
Makes you feel as if you'd die;
And then perhaps your husband
Says something quite unkind
(He has his worries, too, poor man;)
So pray, then never mind.

A sharp retort is best unsaid,
Though censure's hard to bear;
But John may think you most to blame
If you his spirit share.
Then keep your temper, gentle Nell;
Just do the best you can;
And by and by God will unfold
The secret of His plan.

I've had my troubles, too, dear Nell;
And many and many a day,
If the Lord had not been with me,
I'd have fainted by the way.
Then let Faith fold her brooding wing
O'er all your doubts and fears,
And God will give thee needed strength
For all the coming years.

LAVENDER AND PINK.

BY ULMA.

ONE pleasant June morning, as I was watching the long willow branches away backwards and forwards in the light breeze, thinking how, in their graceful motions, they were like the loving arms which once had entwined my neck, and were now cold in death, and saying to my heart, "There is no sorrow like to my sorrow"—my hostess entered with a bunch of lavender and pinks.

Their perfume filled my room, and as I turned from the window, by which I was leaning, to receive them, Mrs. Arnold said, quietly, "Will you have these flowers? They are my favorites, and I never like to put any others with them?" and I knew by a slight quivering of the mouth, and the hasty manner in which she turned away, instead of the usual few minutes' chat, that there were sad memories connected with my bouquet.

The summer months passed pleasantly by in the little, low, old-fashioned cottage, with its two huge willow trees in front, and giant walnuts at the back, whose branches swayed amicably together over the roof; and always on my toilet-table stood a bunch of fragrant roses and stately lilies, or of larkspurs and lady's-slippers; but always in separate places, as long as they were in season, were a few spears of lavender and pinks.

There was a quiet melancholy in my hostess' face which had from the first interested me. I knew by the silvery hairs which so thickly threaded her raven bands, and by the low, unexcited tones of her voice, that the trials of life had swayed fearfully around her, and that now she was exhausted, and asked only for rest.

In the course of time I learned her history.

As a girl, self-willed and high-spirited, she had married against the wishes of her friends; and after a few months of happiness, she awoke from her dream, to find that he, for whom she had left friends and the luxuries of a wealthy home, was unworthy of the sacrifice. Year after year passed; and she found her idol shattered, and but clay at her feet. But, with a woman's undying faith, she hoped on through poverty and desertion, and contumely, until she laid him in his grave, and stilled the moaning of her heart, that she might care for the little ones yet left to comfort her.

But a few months passed, and a new anxiety awaited her. The little babe, just beginning to lisp "Ma—ma" so lovingly, that was so winsome in its ways, sickened and died.

Time wore away to Mrs. Arnold in the quiet discharge of her duties to her two remaining children. Hopes for the coming plans were again beginning to dawn faintly through the dark sorrows of the past, when a terrible accident befell her youngest child.

Still the mother's heart and hand were not palsied. Day by day she lifted the little sufferer to the window, to feel the cool breeze, or to gaze on the trees, the flowers, the sunset; night by night, with trembling fingers, she wiped the cold dews caused by the racking pain, from its forehead, and stilled the sorrow that was going up from her own heart, to sing it to rest with sweet lullabies.

At times, indeed, her strength would almost fail her. She would rush from the room to escape the wail from the parched lips, and the longing, imploring glance of her child, and, after a brief respite, go back with smiles and cheerful tones to the bedside.

At length the hour for the mortal struggle came; and in her own arms the mother held the child—repulsing, with a sharp, jealous tone, all who offered to touch what had now become so precious to her; and as she struggled with the convulsed form, she turned away her head, that those looks of agony might not haunt her forever.

Amid wind and rain, she laid her second child away from her; and when, for nights after, the storm moaned among the willow branches and around the house-top, she longed to go out and throw herself upon the little grave in the neighboring churchyard, to protect the untroubled sleeper from its fury.

At last the poverty, which had so long stared her in the face, disappeared. By the death of relatives, a sum which would make her comfortable for life was secured to her; and her whole attention now was turned to the education of her remaining child.

This daughter was growing up into a gentle, delicate girl, who seemed to have imbibed her mother's sorrows in infancy; so that she appeared never to have known the careless pleasures of childhood, and the undimmed hopes of girlhood.

Day by day the mother watched this last treasure, as fair and fragile as a pale lily blossom, fearing that every rude wind would crush it to the earth—sickening at the agonizing thought that perhaps this, her last comfort on earth, would be snatched from her, too. The young girl had unconsciously become her friend, counsellor, teacher.

To the watchfulness of love, which cannot be deceived, for its instincts are so sure, the change from week to week became more perceptible. The step was more feeble; the voice lower than of old; whilst the large eyes seemed filled with a mournful radiance; and the blue veins in the thin white hands grew larger every day.

Then the time came when the walks in the garden, which she had cultivated with so much care, had to be discontinued; and she only knew of its wealth and beauty by the fresh boquets which were plucked daily; though the only perfume for which she cared was that of her lavender and pinks.

A few sprigs of those were always on her bosom; their spiciness revived her so; and she would sit listlessly arranging the gray-blue of the lavender with the white and crimson of the carnations, in the pleasant June sunshine, while visions of the far-away land to which she was hastening became more distinct the nearer she approached it.

One July morning found her too feeble to rise from her bed as usual; and when the morrow's sun arose she was shrouded for the grave, with a posy of her favorite flowers on her bosom.

Seventeen years from the day on which she had been carried, a little stranger, to the warm, palpitating bosom of her mother, she was laid in the bosom of mother earth, who stretched out her cold arms to receive her.

Then many talked of the wonderful resignation of the mother. They knew not that it was the apathy of despair, that her faith had nearly died out by reason of her many trials. But better feelings at last triumphed. From out among the glowing stars she saw the loving presence of those she lost watching over her, and she heard their voices in the nightwind that murmured around the cottage; and all pleasant things which Providence had created drew her with loving arms to them and Him; and now wherever there are tossings on sick pillows, or weeping eyes, or breaking hearts, or immortal souls panting at the gates of the Eternal City, Mrs. Arnold is there to counsel and console.

I now say no more to my heart, "There is no sorrow like to my sorrow."

WHILE there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself. He ought to go out and work—fight, if it must be—wherever duty calls him. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.

HELP IN TROUBLE.—A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GRASS is never cut too early, but mostly too late. Cut it early and cut the second time. The cheapest feed for cattle is dried grass and fodder corn.

A MUSSUR bit has been invented recently, which is said to be apparently very acceptable to the horse, especially to such as are tender in the mouth.

NO man having a farm or village lot should neglect to plant fruit trees and grape vines. Every corner and waste place should be occupied by a tree or vine to bear fruit.

WHEN a horse stumbles, never raise your voice—the creature dreads its master's chiding; never jog the reins—the mouth of the horse is far more sensitive than the human lips; never use the lash, the horse is so timid that the slightest correction overpowers its reasoning faculties. Speak to him gently and kindly.

A NEW YORK gentleman bought six Alderney cows and heifers two years ago, and last week made a sale of the original purchase and a portion of the increase, consisting of two two-year-old heifers, two yearlings, three heifer calves, and three yearling bulls.

EXPERIENCE in Australia is said to controvert the theory that thoroughbred animals do not degenerate. Horses in that country are of the best blood from England, but on the runs where they have increased without care, they are worth only the value of their hides and hair.

MEADOWS.—No stock should be allowed to wander over the meadows. This is doubly injurious. It destroys the grass and spoils the appetite of the animals for dry feed. Nothing is gained, but much is lost by this practice. The ground is also "pouched," and quagmires are formed in low springy spots where the first grass appears.

WHAT a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoes, horns, hair, combs and upper leather. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated.

THE VALUE OF A TIMBER PLANTATION.—An illustration of the profit of judicious plantings of timber is afforded by a recent sale in Scotland. This was of the growing timber upon 800 acres of otherwise worthless rocky land, which was planted 50 years ago with firs and larches. After repeated thinnings, which produced large sums of money, the rest of the timber has recently been sold standing for $80,000. The whole income for the 50 years is said to be equal to that from the best arable land in the neighborhood.

IMPROVEMENT IN SHEEP.—The *American Agriculturist* says: "A marked improvement is noticeable in the quality of sheep which come to the markets. Whole flocks of sheep, which will average over 100 pounds, may now be seen in the pens in place of poor animals weighing but sixty to seventy pounds. This is the effect of the rapid introduction of pure bred sheep of different varieties, but chiefly the Cotswold. In good time American mutton will be equal to that of England; it is nearly so now in weight of carcass, and will be so in quality and flavor of the meat, if farmers will raise roots upon which to feed their sheep. One acre of turnips or mangels is equal to ten for fodder, and when fed with straw, and helped out with a little bran or oil-cake, roots are certainly the cheapest feed that can be procured.

EARLY CUT GRASS HEAT.—The German papers publish details of a series of experiments carried on at the agricultural schools in that country for the purpose of testing the nutritive properties of grass and hay at various stages. By an elaborate series of analyses it is shown why young grass is more nutritious than mature grass. The physiological experiments show that it is more easily digestible. Thus grass 2 1-2 inches high contains nearly 50 per cent. more of albuminoids than grass which is 6 inches high, and 10 more of "crude fat." The mature grass contains more woody fiber and less flesh-forming matter than the young grass, and besides this, it is found that the nutritious albuminoids exist in a less soluble form in hay than in young grass. Hence the difference of nutritive value and digestibility. Autumnal hay was found to be more nutritious than summer hay.

ONE ACRE BETTER THAN TWO.—It is better to raise one hundred bushels of corn on an acre of ground than fifty. The yield could be doubled on nearly every acre of ground in cultivation in the West. What is wanted is deeper plowing and better preparation of the soil, and more thorough after cultivation. This skimming over the ground is one of the great evils of Western farming. Plow deep and then cross-plow deep, and you prepare food and moisture for the plants, and enable them to resist the drouths, and make them laugh and thrive and bear abundantly. Many farmers plow but a few inches deep and get small yields. They have so much ground to work that none of it is well worked. Better by far to cultivate only half as much and cultivate it better and get far more than by the slip-shod system of farming too generally followed. It is better to thin out the plants and keep out the weeds, and cultivate fifty acres as they should be cultivated than to give a "lick and a promise" to a hundred acres. It is better to harvest the same yield off of one acre than to go over two acres for it. This is the time that our readers should think of these matters.

HERE AND THERE.

A BOOT-BLACK'S Paradise—The pising of Shinar.

THE favorite flower for wedding bonnets—Marry-gold.

NEXT to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a dead pencil.

A YOUTH who saw Spinner's autograph for the first time, said it would "make a first-rate fish line if it was untangled."

A LOVING British wife's postscript to a letter addressed to her husband in New York: "Dear William, I have perused the police reports and morgue returns every day, hoping to see your name."

JOHN BULL remarked to an Oregonian: "You have lived here a long time!" "Yes, sir," said the settler. "You see that mountain yonder. Well, when I came that air mountain was a hole in the ground!"

"How like it's father it is," said the nurse, on the christening of a baby whose father was more than seventy years of age, and who had married a young wife. "Very like," said a satirical lady; "bald and not a tooth in its head."

HARVEY discovered the circulation of the blood before he was thirty-four. Yet some editors get to be over a hundred before they can discover the exact circulation of their own newspapers.

A FEW night's ago, as a young man stood in the gospel tent busily taking notes, Dr. Tyng came up, and laying his hand upon the other's shoulder, suddenly asked, "My friend, are you a christian?" "No, sir," answered the startled note taker, "I'm—I'm only a reporter."

A BUTCHER boy, coming up the street from market the other day, carrying a large tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck against a lady's head, and discomposed her bonnet. "The deuce take that tray!" cried the lady in a towering passion. "Madame," replied the youngster, "the deuce can't take the tray."

"WHAT are your favorite jewels, Clara, darling?" he asked as they stood at the gate and gazed at the moon sailing serenely through the heavens. "My favorite jewels? Why nuptials, George dear," and then there was a rustling of silk, a murmur of "yum, yum, yum," and two pairs of lips parted with a smack that startled the stillness of the night.

A DANBURY housekeeper observed to the hired girl, the other morning: "Ann, as we have entered upon the dawn of another century of our nation's history, I guess you had better get a tooth-brush of your own."

"I NEVER could enjoy poetry when I'm cooking," said an old lady who dropped in on us recently. "But when I step out to feed the hogs and hist myself onto the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of Capt'n Jinks, it does seem as if this airth was made to live on after all."

A LITTLE fellow being told by a young man to get off his knee, that he was too heavy to hold in that way, made quite a sensation among the persons present by yelling back—"Too heavy, hey? Sister Sal weighs a hundred pounds more than I, and you held her on your knees for four hours last night."

THE following note, written to her school mate by a girl who had been absent several days, illustrates the sweet simplicity of childhood: "DEAR SUSIE—I shan't attend school again until I Get some new cuffs, collars and Jewelry—dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine out of that Upstart Mamy Jones and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

BURLINGTON *Hawk-Eye*: It is like the good old times to travel in Texas now. The other day a cautious traveler, to make sure that he wouldn't be robbed, paid his coach fare and then left every cent of his money at home, but he walked into the very next town, making a regular circus of himself in his frantic efforts to make an eighteen-inch undershirt reach to his ankles. That was all he had left on him.

—"Go away from home to get the news," and here we have this from the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye*: "The royal striped lonthyopthamite, on exhibition in the Agricultural Building at the Centennial, was severely bitten by the wild Pelitheogloss-um of Borneo yesterday, and in endeavoring to separate them the keeper struck the gray-nosed Angiomonospermous on the head with an iron bar, instantly killing it. The Acanthopterygious has been sold, because it is so difficult for the Commissioners to obtain the Hypotrachelliums, which constitutes its only food."

MARRIAGE MEMORIES.—What the father says: "Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?" What the mother says: "I am sure the ices will be late for the breakfast." What the sister says: "I flatter myself I am the best looking of the eight bridesmaids." What the brother says: "Of course, the best man is behind his time—just like him!" What the pew-opener says: "This way, my dear young lady!" What the beadle says: "They are sure to be in time, sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em a-coming." What the clergyman says: "Have you got the ring?" What the crowd says: "Hooray! That's 'er! Oh, ain't 'e a Guy!" What the old friend of the family says: "I have known him, too, since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!" What the funny man says: "You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the bridesmaids." What the best man says: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." What the bride says: "Good-bye my own darling mamma and papa, and Emmy, dear, please do see the things are all right before we start." What the bridegroom says: "Thank goodness it is all over!"—*Punch*.

THE VATICAN.

The word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and 1,000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site.

About the year 1160 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterward, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Aragon. In 1305 Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal Seat from Rome to Avignon, where the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years.

But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1576, the Vatican was put in a state of repair, again enlarged, and was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books until it became one of the richest depositories of the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1,400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Boaromeo and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome, with paintings by the masters and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description.

When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican.

GEORGE ELIOT says that girls are delicate vessels in which is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection. Girls are delicate vessels which require a small fortune every year to keep them in sails.

What Can be Cured

Need not be endured, although what can't must be. Among the bodily ills susceptible of complete removal by that benign tonic and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, are general debility, malarial fevers, constipation, dyspepsia, liver disorder, and nervousness. Its remedial capabilities are, however, by no means limited to these maladies. Its properties as a blood depurent render it extremely serviceable in expelling the acrid impurities which produce those painful disorders, rheumatism and gout, and its invigorating and mildly stimulating effect upon the kidneys and bladder constitute it a useful medicine for impelling those organs to a complete performance of their functions when they are weak and inactive. In fact, there is scarcely any disease of which weakness is an accompaniment, in which this admirable medicine cannot be used with advantage.

Travelers making tours in connection with a trip to or from the Centennial, almost invariably book the American House in Boston as their hotel for that city, and almost daily this well known house is thronged with strangers, tourists and bridal couples.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON
This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life. Everybody should have it. For the cure of Weak Stomachs, General Debility, Indigestion, Diseases of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring tonic. This wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess—Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark
Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Don't want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do try KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON
I only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.
Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, I would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article manufactured by E. F. Kunkel, and having his stamp on the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favors. Sold only in $1 bottles. Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere.
Tape Worm Removed Alive.
Head and all complete, in two hours. No fee till head passes. Best, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 239 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular. For removing all ordinary worms, call on your druggist and get a bottle of KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price, $1

NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER Those special Diseases common to the young and middle aged, Nervous Debility, Lost Health, Decline, etc., can now be cured by the patient himself without drugs. Book free. Address, Box 4066, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.
Men or women, $36 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to
F. M. REED, 8th St., New York

$3000 CASH. HEALTHIEST PLACE IN the U. S. Very pretty farm of 20½ acres, well fruited. Good house, barn, outbuildings, horse, wagons, chickens, turkeys, ducks, &c. A beautiful stream runs through the grounds. Good private reasons given for selling. Apply to T. W., Box 277, Vineland, N. J.

25 FANCY CARDS, new styles, with name, 10c. postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co. N. Y

A NOVELTY Your name printed on 30 Transparent Cards, containing a scene when held to the light, (Jacob's-ladder) sent post paid for 25 cents; 5 packs & names, $1. No other card printer has the same. Agents wanted; outfit 10 cts. CARD PRINTER, LOCK BOX 0, Ashland Mass.

AGENTS make big money selling our Campaign Badges, Elegant Portraits and Printed on all-silk Ribbon. Do not waste your money on trashy goods, but get the best. Sample dozen mailed free on receipt of 60 cents. A liberal discount on orders of 50 dozen. Address Jeffries, Seeley & Co., 99 West Fourth street, Cincinnati

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

PATENT OPEN-WORK BANNERS, FLAGS and POLITICAL PORTRAITS, to order by HOYER & GRAHAM, 57 Duane St., New York

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me

$77 A WEEK to Agents. Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me

STILL AHEAD. Your name neatly printed on 50 nice Bristol Cards for 15 cts.; 20 Gracie, 20 cts.; 30 Acquaintance Cards, 15 cts.; elegant Card Cases, 10 and 15 cts. each. Standard Card Co., Brockton, Mass.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

IMPORTANT!!
We give the SOCIAL VISITOR, largest and most elegant paper in the country, 3 months on trial, and gold sleeve button, and gold plated collar stud for 15 cts. "Social Visitor Co." Boston, Mass. box 3139

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $50 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT CENTENNIAL HISTORY
It sells faster than any other book ever published. One Agent sold 61 copies in one day. Send for an extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.
This justly celebrated DIETETIC Preparation is in composition, principally the GLUTEN derived from the White Winter Flint Wheat Cereal, a solid extract, the invention of an eminent chemist.
It has not only been highly recommended, but certified to by a large number of CHEMISTS and PHYSICIANS—representing a very high degree of medical science—as the SAFEST, MOST ACCEPTABLE AND RELIABLE FOOD for the growth of Infants and Children, and for Mothers lacking sufficient nourishment for their offspring.
Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition—
THAT WHICH MAKES STRONG BONE AND MUSCLE.
THAT WHICH MAKES GOOD FLESH AND BLOOD.
THAT WHICH IS EASY OF DIGESTION—NEVER CONSTIPATING.
THAT WHICH IS KIND AND FRIENDLY TO THE BRAIN.
AND THAT WHICH ACTS AS A PREVENTIVE TO THOSE INTESTINAL DISORDERS INCIDENTAL TO CHILDHOOD.
And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more creamy and delicious, or more nourishing and strengthening as an ailment in
FEVERS, PULMONARY COMPLAINTS,
DYSPEPSIA, PROSTRATIONS OF THE SYSTEM,
OR GENERAL DEBILITY,
its rare medicinal excellence in all Intestinal Diseases especially in
DYSENTERY, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA, AND CHOLERA INFANTUM,
has been incontestably proven.
See circulars for testimonials. Sold by Druggists generally, and at the wholesale depot by
JOHN CARLE & SONS,
118 Water St., cor. Maiden Lane, New York.

SAFES
MARVIN'S ARE THE BEST.
721 CHESTNUT ST.

The Utility Adjustable Table.
May be raised or lowered in height to suit any person or purpose, and be folded compactly in a moment. For cutting, basting, trimming, writing, study, sickness, children, games, etc. The standard table of the world—in great variety of style, size, shape and price. Send stamp for illustrated circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.
LAMBIE & SARGENT, sole Proprietors and Manufacturers, 703 Broadway, New York

LEARN TELEGRAPHY THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE TO YOUNG MEN AND LADIES. ADDRESS, SHERMAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, Oberlin, Ohio.

GILDER'S Manual.—A complete practical guide to all trades using gilding; also SILVERING, and other valuable matter. Just out. 50 cts. Of booksellers or by mail. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies. A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

BANKRUPT SALE.
OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.
ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD IN 30 DAYS
Everybody has heard of MILTON GOLD JEWELRY. It having been sold in this market for the last ten years, and worn by the best and richest class of our population. Still it takes an expert jeweller to discover MILTON gold from VIRGIN gold. We will send for the next thirty days ONLY the following articles by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 65 cents
ONE PAIR ELEGANT SLEEVE BUTTONS, with Independence Hall engraved, retail price. $1 00
ONE SET SPIRAL SHIRT STUDS. 75
ONE BEAUTIFUL CORAL SCARF PIN, retail price. 75
ONE ELEGANT GENT'S WATCH CHAIN, latest pattern, retail price 1 50
ONE COLLAR BUTTON, retail price 50
ONE ELEGANT WEDDING RING, very heavy, retail price. 2 00
Total, $6 75
Remember we will send you the above named six articles, which we have retailed for $6 50, by mail, *postpaid for 50 cents*, or 6 sample lots for $3 50, and 12 sample lots for $6
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address W. W. BELL & CO.,
Importers of Watches and Jewelry,
3 North 7th st., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please state where you saw this advertisement.

Wanted Agents for the best selling prize package in the world. It contains 13 sheets Paper, 13 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single packages with elegant prize postpaid for 25 cents. This package has been examined by the publishers of the SAT. EVE. POST, and found as represented, worth the money.
Circulars free.
BRIDE & CO.,
702 Broadway, New York.

Cheap Guns for the People.
Rifles Single or Repeating of Best Makes at all prices, from $3 to $50.
Shot Guns Double and Single Muzzle and Breech Loading, $3 to $250.
Revolvers 5, 6 or 7 Shooters for ball and cap, or metal cartridges, $3.50 to $25.
Call and see or write for illustrated price list.
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
285 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF **$1,700**
during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in STOCKS. Book containing full information sent on application.
TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers,
2 WALL ST. NEW YORK

A SUPERIOR FARM
IN ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK, is offered for sale, CHEAP. It contains 117 acres of excellent land, suitable for either grain or grass. Has a fair dwelling house, two good barns, large orchard, 27 acres of woodland, balance in meadow, pasture and plowed crops. Located two miles from depot on New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. Is unexcelled for healthfulness and beauty of prospect.
TERMS EASY. For particulars address
W. A. FITCH,
726 HANSON STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by that greatest of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense"—nearly 1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, by DR. E. B. FOOTE, of 120 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult its author in person or by mail, Free. Price by mail, postage prepaid, $5.25. Contents tables free. Agents wanted. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO. (JOHN P. JEWETT, Manager), 129 East 28th St., N. Y.

IN SEASON.
NOW DURING THE HOT SEASON, send thirty cents and receive by mail, prepaid, a package of WHITE ENGLISH GINGER BEER POWDER, which will make you four gallons of the wholesomest and most refreshing summer drink in the world. Directions, very simple, on the tables. Address C. E. WHITE, Plymouth Co., North Middleboro, Mass. AGENTS WANTED.

USE the MODEL PRESS and do all your own Printing. Price, $3 to $30.
BEST IN THE WORLD For Business Men and Young Printers. Thousands in use. Send two 3 cent stamps for a profusely illustrated 60 page Catalogue and Price List, entitled, "How to Print." J. W. DOUGHADAY & Co., Mfrs. and Dealers in Type and Printing Material, 624 & 626 Wal[illegible] Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, *Editor*.
Sole *authorized* medium for the publication of
His Sermons Each Week.
$3.00 per year. Postage prepaid. To Clergymen, $2.00. Cash premiums to Agents. Send for particulars.
HORATIO C. KING, *Publisher*,
27 Park Place, New York.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
MEN & BOYS CASH ONE PRICE, GUARANTEE
CLOTHING
S.E. COR. 6TH & MARKET STS. PHILADA.

NB WAX FLOWER MATERIAL in every variety, at lowest prices. Just published, "Wax Flower Making without a Teacher," the only practical work on this subject, price post-paid, 30 cts; given free, with an order for $2.50 worth of material. Box of material and instructions for making several fine vines of Ivy Leaves, post-paid, 50 cts.
100 Duplicamable pictures, 50 cts. 16 Gem Chromos, 10 cts. 20 Embossed pictures, 10 cts.; choice samples of either, 10 cts. 32 page catalogue sent free with every order. Agents wanted.
J. L. PATTEN & CO., 102 William Street, New York.

NEW BOOK DR. CHASE'S Family Physician and SECOND RECEIPT BOOK is the only New Book by Dr. A. W. Chase, author of Dr. Chase's famous Receipts, etc. Beware of a reprint of the old book in imitation of the genuine new book here announced. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. Sample Copies Two Dollars. Address CHASE PUBLISHING COMPANY, TOLEDO, Ohio, Sole Publishers.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
is a sure cure for Epileptic Fits, Convulsions and Spasms. It has been tested by thousands and never was known to fail in a single case. Trial Packages free. Inclose stamp for circular giving certificates of cures. Address, Dr. R. A. RICHMOND, Rahway, N. J. Lock Box 46.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.
SHIRTS
TO ORDER.
No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. $80 a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. MORTON MANUFACTURING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE TICKET To Phila. (also admits to Centennial Grounds) and return, from any point in the U. S. east of Utah. This comes within the grasp of every AGENT of THE ILLUSTRATED WORLD, in addition to the regular commissions paid. Certainly the GRANDEST offer ever made to CANVASSERS. Send your address on postal card for circulars, terms, etc. Send 2 three-cent Stamps if specimen copy of paper is desired.
Address CHAS. CLUCAS & CO., 14 Warren St., New York.

THE CENTRAL PARK TEST.
NEW YORK, May 25th, 1876.
WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET CO.,
34 Dey Street, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN:
100 of your **Wakefield Closets** have been in use **four years** in Central Park. They have given *entire satisfaction*. We have ceased using the Water Closets, which were *contaminating the water of* our lakes. Respectfully,
JULIUS MUNCKWITZ, Supt. D. P. P.

GRAND EXPOSITION HOTEL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 18, 1876.
GENTLEMEN: The fifty
CABINET CLOSETS
that you sent us give general satisfaction to our guests. We will send you an order shortly for as many more. M. RILEY, Manager.
For further Testimonials and Descriptive Circulars send to
WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET CO.,
34 Dey Street, N. Y.
Or Agency, 900 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Men are earning $40 to $120 per week in selling
OUR COUNTRY
AND ITS RESOURCES.
Complete in the *thrilling* history of 100 eventful years, also of the *great* "Exhibition" *grand* in *description* of our *mighty resources* in *agriculture, commerce, minerals, manufactures, natural wonders, curiosities*, etc. all *richly illustrated*. A "*Century*" **Map** and "**Bird's-Eye View**" **free**. Sells **marvellously** fast. **1000** more *agents wanted quickly* for this and our standard "**LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE**," 60,000 already sold. also new Bible. 2,000 *illust* Has **no equal**. For *extra terms* write to
HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.

Agents wanted for a new, permanent, and respectable business, in which many persons are now making $25 to $100 a day. One who had never canvassed before made $7.50 in 1 hour; an experienced agent, Parmele $72.75 in 10 hours. Circulars free. C. A. CLEGG, Manager, 16 Dearborn St., N. Y. "We know C. A. Clegg to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—*N. Y. Weekly Sun, April 19, 1876.*

$5 TO $10 A DAY SURE

Clarke's Anti-Bilious Compound ABC
Never fails to give a good appetite. It purifies the blood, and restores to the Liver its primitive health and vigor. It is the best remedy in existence for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Soureness of Stomach, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice, Consumption, Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism,

FASHION NOTES.

Although the heat of the July sun is all and even more than loving New York friends have promised for us, yet there seems to be a decided fancy growing for mantles and mantelets, albeit of light and airy fabric.

SMALL ROUND MANTLES

or shoulder capes are shown in fine Brussels net, trimmed with alternate pleatings of the same and Spanish lace. These capes are round in shape, and do not extend below the belt. Last winter they were worn covered with jet trimming or fringe.

Another kind is deeper in the back, and in front has long tabs or lappels, which cross and are fastened at the belt with a jet or onyx pin.

The favorite

FRENCH SACQUES,

in sheer white lawn or lace stripe cambric, are exceedingly popular, and are shown in several shapes. One is deep on the hips and in front, and another is pointed back and front. Yet another is short and round; another is half loose and double breasted, buttoning with mother-of-pearl buttons. The trimming is usually knife-pleatings of fine lawn or French muslin, or else a slightly frilled ruffle of Hamburg edging.

One that particularly struck our fancy was made and trimmed in this wise: The shape was deeper in front than at the back and sides. The material was fine Bishop's lawn.

The trimming consisted of a ruffle four inches wide, edged top and bottom with a narrow Valenciennes lace a half inch wide. This ruffle is then knife-pleated on, and is placed around the bottom, the lower part of the sleeves, and the neck.

An overskirt and basque of ecru-colored lace stripe cambric were made in this fashion: The overskirt quite deep, and edged with a linen lace an inch and a half deep. It was looped in upturned pleats on the left side, while a pleated pocket was placed low down on the right side. Bows of plum-colored ribbon were placed on each pleat that looped the skirt, and at the top and bottom of the pocket.

The basque was cuirass shape, and half tight fitting. It was edged with a puff of cream-colored lawn, below which was a row of the linen lace used to trim the overskirt.

Bows of plum-colored ribbon closed the front of the basque, and were put on the sleeves just where the pleated cuff was attached to the rest of the sleeve. A cream-colored chip hat, trimmed with a netted scarf of plum-color, was worn with this overdress. The underskirt was of plum-colored silk, with a flounce at the bottom.

A charming suit of cream-colored foulard and blue silk had the lower skirt trimmed with three knife-pleated flounces, piped with blue silk. The front of this skirt had a plastron of blue silk down its entire length. On each side of it, and inclining to the centre, were two knife-pleated frills of the cream-colored material, piped with blue silk. The edges of these frills, where joined to the underskirt, are covered by narrow knife-pleated frills turning backwards. Bows of minuted blue and cream-colored ribbon, two inches wide, are set on at intervals of twelve inches apart, catching the wider frills together across the plastron of silk, and giving a very pretty effect.

The overskirt commences on each side of the narrow pleating; it is deep and long, and simply piped with blue silk.

At the back it is caught up and gracefully draped by a sash of blue silk. The waist is a sleeveless cuirass body of cream-colored foulard piped on the lower edge with blue silk, and having a double-breasted flap of blue silk joined to the centre of the front, and buttoning on the left side.

It has round standing collar of blue silk; sleeves of blue silk, with cuffs of silk laid in folds, and having a blue band of foulard on the upper part of the cuff fastened down with a button on the outer seam.

The hat to be worn with it was of cream-colored chip, or else unbleached straw, with soft crown of blue silk and two tips of cream-color and blue; cluster of pale marguerites pendant at the back, and smaller cluster in front.

PRETTY SUITS FOR CHILDREN

are shown in plain blue and brown cambric, combined with striped or plaided material.

The lower skirts are usually of the plain materials, with a knife-pleated frill at the bottom, and one or two bias folds of the plaided goods above.

The overskirts may be made in one, with the waist, or else have a basque. They are of the plaided fabric, and are trimmed either with knife-pleatings of the plain, or have the bottom cut up in inch and a half wide strips, four inches wide, lined with plain blue and turned up diagonally.

Late advices from Paris give us the following items:

ODDS AND ENDS.

Large sized sun-umbrellas, of gray black and cream tinted silk, are worn, lined with red.

Colored stockings are worn universally by fashionable people—scarlet, blue, cream-colored and brown, with embroidered cloaks.

Low shoes are worn for summer, or else the high boot, buttoned over the top of the foot and ankle with straps of leather.

Elbow sleeves, with a wide flowing ruffle therefrom, are worn, and necessitate the use of long gloves, with six or seven buttons.

Suits of foulard and batiste are worn; also linen hernani, even for very dressy occasions during the warm season.

Large Leghorn hats, trimmed with a scarf of cream-colored tissue, are very fashionable.

Sleeveless sacques of lace, black and white, are worn with white waists or light summer silks.

India muslin overdresses are coming into favor again, both the plain and the embroidered.

Veils of dotted tulle are still seen, but cream-colored crape lisse is considered most appropriate for the summer weather.

Straw hats, with wide trim, lined with brown or black velvet, are among the newest.

India cashmere still retains its popularity for polonaises.

Very wide belts, of dark and also red Russia leather, with large buckles fastened behind, are the style.

Parasols have a pleating of silk, or else a row of lace around the edge.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Collady for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We have been very often asked for information concerning the making of a dressing gown for a gentleman.

This week we give the desired article—or rather a detailed description of how it is to be made, and of what material.

We recommend gray damasse silk to those who can afford it, lined with deep scarlet silk.

Pongee or silk and wool damasse cloth are equally good.

So much for material; now for quantity: From five to six yards are required of the damasse, and if the whole is to be lined, as many yards of silk; thin Marcelline silk is best.

The loose sacque pattern, carefully rounded below the hips, to give a good shape, is best; it is in five pieces; half of back, front, sleeve and pocket, with collar. Six large buttons, covered with silk, crocheted over the under cover and matching the lining, are needed; a thick silk cord, with two large flat tassels, are wanted.

Line the front with a thin sheet of wadding, which may be quilted to the silk in large diamonds. A broad revers of silk is placed on the outer side of the fronts, from top to bottom, quilted in fine diamonds, and joined to the collar and revers-lappels. The large buttons are set on, three on a side, below the lappels, and at regular intervals down the front, and a loop of silk cord fastened under each button. Quilted cuffs of silk are put upon the sleeves and pockets.

A loop of cord is sewed on at the belt part—just under the arm, through which the cord with tassels is run; this keeps it in place. The cord is loosely tied around the waist; pattern, 75 cents.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Susan N.—You can certainly wear the Leghorn hat, if you have it bleached and re-shaped. A pretty way to trim would be with a long scarf of grenadine: cream-colored, dark blue, or green. Hem the end, and in wearing bring around the neck and fasten upon the bust or at the belt. A cluster of field-flowers will look well upon the side or under the rim.

Miss F. P. Miller, Slate Mills, Va.—Received your letter; replied, and sent pattern July 1st.

Mrs. DeVere, St. Louis.—Low shoes are worn and colored stockings; still, we prefer the high buttoned boot for the daily promenade, especially in a city.

"Annie G."—Wear your hair simply braided, and looped in two bridles low on your neck behind. The new rough hat we spoke of has a high crown, and is of course very simply trimmed—sometimes only with a scarf of grenadine or netted silk with fringed ends.

Mrs. S. G.—Brown stockings for your little girls, with cloaks worked in cream-colored or light brown silk, will be just what you need. Brown sash should be worn also. Trim the Leghorn hat with scarf of cream-color.

"Little V."—The "combination suits" you ask about are made either of percale or calico. The former, of course, are prettiest and more expensive than the last mentioned; still, very pretty imitations are to be seen in the calico. Blue is preferred to brown. NISON.

NOT IN THE BUSY DAY.

ANONYMOUS.

Not in the busy day!
The busy day is far too full of care—
Each hour hath its duty and its share
Of labor, and I may
Not loose my thoughts from Reason's firm control,
Lest they should spread their wings
And soar beyond my reach, and all my toils
Be wasted for an idle dream that foils
My hope of better things,
As thou hast done, thou darling of my soul!

Not in the silent night!
The silent night was made to soothe our pain,
And sleep is sent from God, that we may gain
Fresh strength to do the right.
Let not its calm be pierced by memory's dart,
My solace to affray;
Else shall my life look hideous by my dream,
And faith and patience harder than they seem
By honest light of day.
Vex not the night, beloved of my heart!

Not at the hour of prayer!
The hour of prayer should be a time of peace,
When passions lull, and jealous discords cease,
And only God is there.
Come not betwixt the gates of pearl and me,
Lest in my wild regret
I should entreat of gracious Heaven, instead
Of pouring blessings on thy faithless head,
To teach me to forget
The day that brought me thee and misery!

Yet come before I die!—
Before I die, when earthly love grows dim
And pale before the eucharistic hymn
Of heavenly choir nigh.
Then may I, that I worshipped gaze upon;
And with my rest so near,
Remembering only that thou wert beloved,
I may forget the bitter past that proved
Thee faithless, dear,
And bless thee still, my life and death in one.

JUDITH'S TEMPTATION.

BY H. R.

How bright and cheerful the kitchen of the old Stedhurst farmhouse looked to Judith Black upon the dreary December evening when she first came there to live. How merrily the fire flickered on the walls with red, fantastic reflections. How the tins sparkled against the wall, and what a song of welcome the old copper teakettle sang upon the hearth. And Mrs. Stedhurst's geraniums in the window, with their green velvet leaves and spikes of vivid scarlet blossoms—to Judith they seemed fairer than any conservatory, crowded full of fan palms and camelias and trailing jessamine.

Judith Black had been very poor. She had been a dressmaker, but times were hard. Judith had striven to get work, but applicants were many, and the cup of starvation had been perilously close to her lips when she crept into the office where Edmund Stedhurst saw her and engaged her to help his mother about the housework.

"I shan't like her, Ned," said Mrs. Stedhurst, when the "new girl" had gone up to her own room for the night and mother and son were together before the kitchen fire.

"Why not, mother?"

"She is too pretty; and she has such a haughty, queenly sort of way. I should as soon think of asking a lady to scrub the floor and feed the pigs."

"That's nonsense, mother," said Edmund, half-vexed, half-laughing. "She can't help her face, can she? It is some of the scraggy-faced, small-pox-marked girls who were so exacting as to the wages they should receive and the duties they were to be called upon to perform, that I wouldn't have 'em in the house on any terms. Judith was the only one who was willing to come for any sort of work, and willing to accept moderate wages."

"She'll suit you," said Mr. Stedhurst who had come in while the discussion was going on. Take my word for it, mother, she'll suit you."

Judith Black stayed a month, and then Mrs. Stedhurst engaged her for another month.

"She is neat," said that lady, "and she is quick to learn, and I believe her to be thoroughly trustworthy."

"If only Ned don't fall in love with her," humorously suggested Mr. Stedhurst.

"Why shouldn't he fall in love with her if he wants?" said Mrs. Stedhurst, valiantly.

"My dear, my dear," demonstrated Mr. Stedhurst, "what do we know about her?"

"What do we know about any girl, for that matter?" said Mrs. Stedhurst. "She is certainly very pretty, and very faithful, and very honest."

"Honest," put in Mr. Stedhurst, drily, "because she had no temptation to be otherwise."

"Now, Phineas, you are too bad," said Mrs. Stedhurst, impatiently. "The currant jelly has never been disturbed in the closet, and I've left the sugar-bowl twice on the dresser with thirty-three lumps of sugar in it and thirty-three there were, when I counted 'em, after she had gone to bed."

"No very great temptations those!" said Mr. Stedhurst, smiling.

"No," said his wife; "but straws show which way the wind blows."

About a month subsequently to this conversation, Edmund Stedhurst came to his father.

"Father," said he," "I was twenty-two years old in October."

"Yes," said Mr. Stedhurst.

"And you were a year younger than that when you were married!"

"I believe so, Ned."

"Have you any objection to my taking a wife?"

"None in the world—if it proves that she is the right sort of a wife!" answered the old gentleman.

"Father, I have fallen in love with Judith Black," confessed Edmund.

"Just exactly what I have feared all along," said Mr. Stedhurst, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why do you use that word "feared" father?" questioned Edmund.

"Because, my lad, she is almost a stranger to us."

"Father, I would stake my life on her truth and honesty," cried the young man.

"Because you are in love with her, my son. Edmund, look here. Have you spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Will you do me a favor?"

Edmund smiled a little.

"That depends upon what it is, father."

"Will you wait one week before you ask her to be your wife? Will you wait one week, without asking any questions?"

"If you desire it, sir."

"At the end of that time I will tell you what I think upon the matter."

And Mr. Stedhurst went out.

The next day he brought down an armful of old coats, vests, etc., from the garret.

"Judith," said he. "these things are getting moth-eaten. They belonged to an old uncle of mine, who died ten years ago—an odd, miserly, old fellow who hoarded everything up, and died in a cellar at last. I want them cut up into carpet rags."

"Yes, sir," answered Judith Black, in the soft, low voice which was habitual to her. And when her day's routine of duty was done she went to work diligently with Mrs. Stedhurst's big shears.

She was all alone in the kitchen the next afternoon just as the clock was striking three. And as Judith Black worked she sang softly to herself an old Scotch ballad, "Bonnie Dundee."

Picking up an old waistcoat of ginger-colored cloth, she clipped off the buttons, and mechanically turned the pockets inside out to cut them away. There was a piece of folded brownish paper in one of them. Judith took it out, without thinking much of it, and unfolded it.

To her surprise she perceived that it was a twenty-pound note.

In her first astonishment she uttered a little cry, all alone though she was. And then she remembered what Mr. Stedhurst had said about the miserly old uncle who had "hoarded up his little gains and died in a cellar at last." This, doubtless, was one of the old man's hiding-places—and he had died and made no sign.

And this precious bit of paper! was it not hers by right of discovery?

Her eyes gleamed and her fingers trembled convulsively as they tightened their grasp upon it! She needed it so much! She was so poor—so pinched for money! And these Stedhursts, to whom it would naturally revert, were rich and did not need it! They would never know. Nobody would know.

For a minute the temptation battled fiercely with her better nature. For a minute only; and then Judith rose up and went straight to the door of the tool-room—went with drooping eyelids and a scarlet stain on either cheek.

"Come in," said Mr. Stedhurst, as Judith knocked at the door, and she entered.

"Mr. Stedhurst," said she, in a voice that would falter a little, in spite of her resolution to control it, "here is some money, a twenty-pound note. I have found it in the pocket of one of those old waistcoats."

"Ah!" said Mr. Stedhurst, putting down his plane and taking the crumpled bit of paper. "And why didn't you keep it? Did it not occur to you that I would never know anything about it?"

"Yes," said Judith, slowly, "it did occur to me, sir."

"Then why didn't you keep it?"

"It was not mine," Judith answered, in a low tone.

"Judith," said old Phineas Stedhurst, "I put that money there!"

"You did?"

"I did. To test you. To make sure that the girl to whom my boy had given his heart was worthy of him."

Judith's face glowed a deep scarlet.

"I—I don't understand you, sir," said she.

"No, I suppose not. But you will in a few days.

And she did when Edmund Stedhurst asked her to be his wife.

"My own love," he said, "the house has been like a different place since you came into it. Will you promise me to stay here always?"

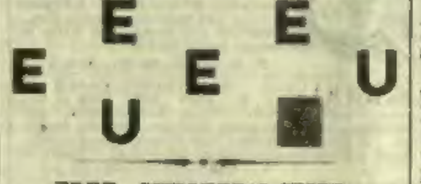
And Judith's answer was "Yes."

A VALUABLE NUT TO CRACK.

Great Prize Puzzle.

In place of the illustration usually given on this page, we present below a plain arrangement of letters etc., to which especial attention is invited, as it will well repay hours of study. It is a plain simple puzzle, (after knowing how to do it,) originated by the editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST for the entertainment and profit of its readers. Aside from the prize offered for a correct solution, it will afford much brain-sharpening amusement to study out its meaning. When correctly read it forms a sentence conveying an excellent suggestion. For the first right answer received from a regular subscriber to this paper before the first day of October next, the publishers will pay to the fortunate finder the sum of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



FRED. CHESTER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCUYLER.

She was not very pretty, this heroine of mine. I will show that she was a heroine before my story is finished. She had an intellectual face, however, and that, to the minds of most people, is worth more than a mint of beauty without brains. A low, broad forehead, surmounted by a wealth of wavy brown hair; clear hazel eyes which seemed to look through instead of at you; a mouth too large to be handsome, the critics would say; but for all that, a mouth that showed firmness and decision of character, and therefore should have been admired.

With this brief outline of the face we will pass on to the woman herself.

Ruth Chester was the mother of two pretty, interesting children, whom she loved as only such women as she can love. Her husband had turned out rather badly, to use a mild phrase; or, in plainer words, had grown to be decidedly dissipated—drank, gambled and drove fast horses, and did absolutely nothing toward supporting his family.

Mrs. Chester was a brave woman. She did not sit down and cry, and wring her hands and talk about starving, and many other foolish things; she did nothing of the sort, but set about doing what her hands found to do for a support for herself and little ones. True, her affection for her husband waned a little, for she had done all in her power to reclaim him, and a constant dropping will wear a stone in some time, and Ruth Chester's heart, with all its bravery was not a hard one, and she often sighed as she felt herself drifting further and further away from him. By diligently plying her needle, and practising the strictest economy, she managed to keep the "wolf from his door," and not at all in accordance with her views, she cooked with her own hands the food she had earned, and was thankful that she had the strength and will to do it. She was not of the angelic type of character, however. She had been a true, faithful wife and had made her husband's home a pleasant one; never complaining when their means would not admit of a new dress or bonnet, or some other coveted luxury; her home was everything to her, and so long as she had the most common necessaries of life she was content.

When she first saw the cloud no bigger than a man's hand hovering over her home, she tried by gentle persuasion and kindly effort to avert the pending storm. But when she saw that all was without effect—saw her feelings purposely outraged, and poverty stalking in at the door,—love did not "fly out the window," according to the old adage, but settled down into a little corner of her heart as if determined to show itself no more, until an occasion worthy its presence demanded. She was never unkind though, and always succeeded in curbing the resentful feelings which sometimes came near finding expression in words, until one morning, when her husband came in from a night's debauch, his handsome face red and swollen, and his manner anything but calculated to inspire hope in the breast of a tired and abused wife.

"Stitching away," he said, in a satiricial tone. "Everlastingly stitching! I swear, Ruth, you must be related in some way to 'Hood's Woman!'"

"I do not know 'Hood's Woman,' Mr. Chester. Has she a drunken husband who does nothing towards her support; and two small children for whom she toils to keep them from starving? If so, I am probably 'Hood's Woman' myself."

He looked at her in unfeigned surprise.

"What has come over you, Ruth," he said, at length. "You astonish me."

"Do I? and why, allow me to ask?"

"Because this is the first time I ever heard you speak sneeringly. Why, Ruth, do you know I would rather see you right down angry with me?"

"But I never allow myself to get angry, Mr. Chester. It shakes one's confidence in one's self, and brings so many regretful thoughts afterwards. Besides, I do not know that I have a right to be angry with you?"

"No right to be angry with me, if the picture you have just drawn be true, Ruth?"

"As for its truth, you may judge for yourself," she said, bending low over her work to hide the tears which were dashing from her brown lashes.

"It is rather hard on you, I know," he faltered, "but what's a fellow to do when he is out of employment and out of friends."

"You once had employment and plenty of friends, and there was a little to lay by at the end of every quarter. I was never an extravagant wife, was I, Fred?"

"No, never! no one can accuse you of that," he said, warmly.

She laid her work on the table; crossed the room and sat down beside him.

"Then what is wrong?" she said, looking up into his face with clear penetrating eyes. "Wherein have I failed in wifely duty, that you leave your home and remain away for days at a time, as if there were some terrible *bete noir* here which you dreaded to encounter?"

"The wrong is not in you, Ruth. You are all I could ask, and far too good for me; but where's the use in my being at home? I can't get work or be of any help to you."

"You had work as long as you would attend to it, didn't you, Fred?" she asked, earnestly but not unkindly.

"Yes, but you see every one is down on me now, and would not give me work if I were to beg on my knees for it."

Love came out from his hiding-place, and seated himself squarely in Ruth Chester's hazel eyes. Her husband felt her hand tremble as she laid it on his arm and said in a voice full of pleading tenderness:—

"Will you grant me one request Fred? Before you speak, however, let me tell you, if you consent, I shall expect you to keep your word with me."

"I will hear the request first," he said, rather unsteadily, and turning his face away from her that he might not see the pleading look on hers.

"Well, will you stay at home with me and the children one whole week, and never drink a drop during that time?"

"And live on your hard earnings, Ruth?" and his face crimsoned with shame.

"Never mind that. There is no rent to pay, for the cottage is still ours, thank Heaven, and the children will not be naked in a week. There is plenty of work," pointing to the table whereon lay several rolls of cloth, "we will not starve, I imagine."

He promised, and Ruth said, cheerily, "I'll get breakfast, now. I never get mine when we are alone, 'till the children wake; then I do away with it all at once."

He watched her while her deft hands prepared the meal, and wondered how she always accomplished so much with so little noise.

The baby woke and its mother brought in its clean white gown, and laid it in its father's arms; telling him how the little fellow had tried to walk yesterday, for the first time, and how he had succeeded so far as to take three steps without assistance, and with a happier face than she had worn for months, the proud little mother went back to her breakfast again. And, as baby lay looking up into its father's face, with eyes so like its mother's, there crept slowly into the father's heart, a desire to rear this child with a careful hand, that he might shun the fate toward which he himself was drifting.

Breakfast was soon ready and disposed of, and when the table was cleared and other household duties attended to, the patient woman took up her sewing again.

It was a long week, though a rather pleasant one to Mr. Chester. Ruth stitched away, always merry, singing over her work or talking to her husband of something pleasant; but never speaking of the past year which had clouded both her life and his, and before the week was ended, he found himself wondering whether she were really woman or angel. Once he urged her to lay by the work, if only for an hour; but she said without a shadow on her face: "this is all the income I have, you know, and if this stops, the bread and butter stops; and, then, I don't mind it Fred dear, I am only too thankful that I have it to do."

There was a manly heart beating in Fred Chester's bosom, though the way to it had been somewhat clogged by the rubbish of evil associations; but for several days his wife had been silently clearing the way until the door was reached, and now the bolt flew back, the door opened, and he saw that she was dearer to him than all the world beside. Oh! how he wished that he could roll back the wheels of time just one year, and place himself where he then was: a man among men and worthy the woman, who now seemed so far above him, that he almost despaired of climbing to her level.

The week ended, and that evening Mrs. Chester prepared to go out. Kissing the children when she left them, she bade them not bother papa and hurried away. A week of abstinence had done much for Mr. Chester. His dress was neat and clean; his face had regained its wonted color, and he appeared what he really was—a true gentleman. When his wife returned, he greeted her with a look which told that his thoughts had not been of the most pleasant character, and he watched her while she was putting the children to bed and setting the room to rights as though she had something to do with those thoughts. When all was done, she came and sat down beside him and laid one hand on his arm in her old confiding way. Dear little hand that had guided the shining needle through so many long weary days, and often far into the dreary night, and that, too, for the support of those dear little ones who should have been his sole charge. With a great sob, which rose in his throat despite his effort to check it, he raised the hand to his lips and kissed it tenderly. She looked up into his face with shining eyes, just as she used to when something had pleased her. He remembered the expression and said falteringly: "What is it, Ruthie, you have to tell me?"

"Your week is up to-night, had you forgotten it, Fred?"

Had he forgotten it! When one is passing through a barren desert, does he forget, even while it is yet in sight, the only oasis that had greeted his eyes for many weary miles? He smoothed back the wavy brown hair from her forehead with gentle touch.

"I know it Ruthie," he said at length, "do you wish me to go again?"

"Not if you would like to stay, dear. However, you must let me tell you something before you decide."

Those beaming eyes were looking up into his face again, and he wondered that he had never noticed, till now, the purity and goodness which lay in their limpid depths.

"How would you like to be placed back where you were one year ago, Fred, dear;—your salary and all?" she said eagerly.

"Do not mock me, Ruthie; don't please," taking her in his strong arms and kissing her, while something suspiciously like tears glistened in his eyes, "What would I not give? I would give worlds' were they mine to dispose of!"

"You can have them at far less cost," she said, smiling brightly into his haggard face. "I have been to your old employer, Fred. That was my business out to-night, and he says you may come on to-morrow, if you like."

* * * * * * *

It is five years since then, and to-day you will not find a more prosperous or temperate man, than Fred. Chester. His wife has never personated "Hood's Woman" since that week, five years ago, and whenever he sees a poor intemperate wretch, broken in health and fortune, and fast hurrying towards a drunkard's grave, he thinks, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, of the dear angel who saved him from a similar fate, and wonders that there are so few women in the world like Fred Chester's Wife.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

EXPERIMENTS lately made in France show that air laden with coal dust is highly explosive. Several cases of explosions in coal mines have been traced to the action of suspended coal dust when no fire-damp was present.

THE first practical use ever made of a gas well was not to supply fuel, but as a substitute for steam in a steam engine. It was a success, and ran the engine without fuel or fire.

NEARLY all the amber of commerce comes from eastern Prussia, where it is obtained by dredging the bottom of the sea, just off the coast. It was recently discovered that amber occurs in a deposit called the "blue earth."

A NEW method of rendering glass less brittle than common has just been patented by F. Siemens, of Dresden a gentleman well known in manufacturing circles, who proposes to harden, temper, anneal and press glass all at the same time. The glass is run into metallic molds and subjected to a powerful pressure which at once cools and hardens it. This is expected to prove a formidable rival to De la Bastie's method of making a similar article.

THE opinion of a large number of iron-workers, at present, says a London journal, is greatly in favor of the Gerhard process for obtaining puddled iron direct from the ore, the blast furnace being dispensed with. Instead of pig-iron, there is employed a compound of ore or any substance containing iron, the necessary fluxes, and the equivalent of carbon. A lump of this compound is put into the furnace, and by the single operation known as boiling, a heat may be obtained in much less time and with considerably less labor than under the old methods. The process of melting and boiling is entirely dispensed with, and the saving of fuel is said to be very great.

VENEERED DIAMONDS.—Quite a notable industry is now carried on in Paris, namely, the manufacture of what are termed veneered diamonds, the method of production being briefly, according to the following fashion: The body of the gem is of quartz, or crystal, this being considered the hardest and best substance that can be made available for the purpose. Then after the crystals are cut in proper shape, they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, the latter being made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and of the clippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. In this way, all the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been regarded as comparatively worthless, can now, by means of this ingenious French process, be made quite serviceable in the jeweller's art.

To reduce the temperature in a factory in Paris, recourse was some time since had to an inexpensive form of air cooler, described as follows: A thin plate of metal, perforated with holes one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and having a total area equal to one-ninth of the surface of the plate, was set at a slight angle in a tight box; over this plate a thin sheet of water, at a temperature of fifty-five degrees Fah., was allowed to flow steadily, and by means of a power blower, air was forced into the box below the plate; by its pressure, the air forced its way through the holes in the plate and through the water and was then led by pipes to all parts of the factory. By this device, the air in the room was reduced to fifty-seven degrees. Other experiments gave varying results, according to the initial temperature of the water, but in each case the apparatus reduced the temperature of the current of air to within seven degrees of that of the water. Steam power is required for the blower, and for the best results, the supply of water must be abundant and its temperature low.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"The Story of a Bundle"; "A Fable;" "Tomuel's Investment;" "A Sonnet;" "*La Traise*;" "Love by Mishap;" "A Fragment;" "Catching a Chicken."

R. S.—The meaning of the word "Del," which you see so often on illustrations, signifies "delineate," which is derived from the Latin *de* down and *linea* a line. It's artistic meaning is to mark out by lines—to represent by sketch or picture.

TEACHER'S SITUATION.—M. E. F.—We can not recommend a "Teacher's Directory." Your handwriting would answer fairly for book-keeping. It is difficult to procure employment of this kind in cities at present; thousands are ready to fill any vacancy which occurs.

J. W. C. writes: "What is the population required to admit a Territory as a State?" There is no fixed population required for the admission of a Territory; that is left to the discretion of Congress. A Territory, however, is not admitted with a population much below the limit required for representation in Congress, which is now about 13,000.

D. M. (Little Rock) asks: "How should a gentleman escort a lady into the dining room?" On escorting a lady into an eating room, offer her your left arm, and on passing through the door, enter first yourself and let her follow, without releasing your arm; under any other circumstances, passing before a lady is rudeness. If no ladies are present when dinner is announced, go to the rear of the column of men and enter the dining room last, if you can, on the ground that the last will always be deemed the first in politeness.

EX-SOLDIER.—"I have lost my discharge papers from the army. Can you tell me where I can get a duplicate?" You may have some difficulty in obtaining a duplicate. Write, however, the circumstances to the Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army at Washington, D. C., in whose office is kept a complete record of all soldiers who served during the late civil war; and as your record can be referred to there, he will, probably, forward to you a duplicate of your discharge.

STARS AND STRIPES.—LURAY, VA.—The Stars and Stripes on our flag were authorized by an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to establish the flag of the United States," passed April 4, 1871, by which it was enacted: 1. That from and after the 4th of July, 1818, the flag of the United States, be 13 horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 20 stars, white in a blue field. 2. That on the admission of every new state in the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th of July, then next succeeding such admission.

S. A. M. MOSS, (Worcester, Mass.)—"I have obtained much useful information by reading your "correspondence"; will you now through the same medium reply to a question I may ask: Can a deserter obtain a pension?" He cannot. The promise on the part of the government to pay a pension is conditional; dependent on the fulfilment of the soldier's part of the contract. By deserting, he violates his contract and thereby sacrifices all claim to remuneration. Your other question as to securing duplicate discharge papers is responded to above, in this column, in the answer to EX-SOLDIER.

HEYWOOD sends the following communication, which we cheerfully publish: "Your answer to "An Old Subscriber" in POST No. 47 as to the variation of the magnetic needle may be correct as to some portions of the East, but not as to all. As this is a matter of much importance to land owners and surveyors in many portions of the United States, I wish to state a few facts. What I know is not derived from the opinion of others, but from observations made during thirty years of active practice in the State of North Carolina with the Surveyor's Compass. Since 1795, the variations of the needle has been Westward at the rate of 2' annually. I can, if space will permit, demonstrate that, previous to 1795, the variation was Eastward. I am aware that there is a difference of opinion as to the time that this retrograde motion took place: some say as late as 1810, but this is not correct. The magnetic meridian is now, at this place, (N.C.) about 2°30' East of the time. I will refer an old subscriber and others to "Gillespies' Surveying," where will be found much to instruct on this subject, especially as to the "line of no variation."

EXHIBITION.—(Independence, Mo.)—"Is it necessary for Foreign Commissioners having goods for the Exhibition, to take an oath as to the invoice before they can pass through the Custom House?" There was a regulation to that effect, but owing to the inconvenience and expense resulting from it, the Department has determined to allow the entry of such goods, without the formality of an oath, provided that the Commissioner of the foreign government shall certify under his official seal that the articles described in the invoice are intended for the Exhibition. But, should such goods be withdrawn from the Exhibition for sale or consumption in the United States, an invoice, sworn to as heretofore prescribed, would be necessary.

J. K. H.—(Evergreen, Ala.)—"Can you tell me the origin of the name of cards?" Cards are of ancient and Eastern origin, and formed a favorite amusement among the Hindoos and Chinese. They were brought to Italy in 1393. Cards had been in use in France several years before Charles VI became insane; yet, from the following entry in the accounts of the King's treasurer, dated 1392, the story arose that they were invented to divert the King's melancholy: "Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for 3 packs of cards, gilt and colored, and variously ornamented, for the use of the King, fifty-six sous."

INQUIRER.—(Watertown, N.Y.) asks: "What is meant by Knights of the Garter?" The order of the Garter is a military fraternity, under the special patronage of "St. George, the knight and champion of England." It was instituted at Windsor, by King Edward III., and consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five companions, mostly royal, of whom the Prince of Wales is always one, wearing a dark blue embroidered garter and collar of gold, with the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, signifying "Dishonor to him who thinks ill of it."

ELEANOR, (Sandusky, O.)—"Will you oblige an old reader of the POST by informing me into how many classes the Lords of England are divided?" Into two classes, the spiritual and the temporal; the former consisting of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and twenty-four bishops. The Lords temporal are divided into Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and Barons. They are the hereditary peers of the realm, ennobled in blood and subject to the loss of dignities only by attainder or special act of Parliament. A peer is made so by Royal Patent or writ, which summons him to Parliament, and the dignity is usually made hereditary by limitation to the male heirs of his body, although it is sometimes decided that it may descend to others, as for instance, his nephew or brother. There are also Law Lords, who hold their seats by virtue of their legal position.

UNEASY, (Shiocton, Wis.)—"I was bitten by a dog three weeks ago, and had the bite cauterized. Did I do right, or should I have applied a mad stone? How is it that a man bitten by a dog sometimes escapes hydrophobia for many years, and then dies of the disease?" You have done everything necessary, so far as we know, for preventing the development of the disease. If the dog was not rabid, you need entertain no fear. The medical fraternity generally agree that there is only an imaginary efficacy in the application of the mad-stone for the prevention of hydrophobia. Your last question is one which has long puzzled the scientific world, and its solution has never been satisfactory. Hydrophobia is a disease of the nervous system; and the virus may remain latent in the system for a long time, without development, on account of counteracting influences. In many cases it is never developed where the system is kept pure and clean.

L. M. K. (Greenville, Ala.)—"Will you tell me through the valuable columns of the POST if a pound of gold is heavier than a pound of feathers?" The answers to this question are wide and various. Some contend that gold is the heavier, while others say that both are the same. The following is probably the correct answer: Gold is weighed by Troy weight—24 grains to a penny weight, 20 penny weights to an ounce, 12 ounces to a pound, which, thus contains 5760 grains. Feathers are weighed by avoirdupois weight—16 drachms to an ounce, 16 ounces to a pound. As each drachm weighs 27 11-32 grains, each ounce avoirdupois is 437½ grains, and a pound, therefore, 7,000 grains. Thus, a pound of feathers is 1240 grains heavier than a pound of gold.

MISCELLANEOUS—ANXIOUS.—The symptoms you describe arise from one of several totally different causes, so you should consult a medical man at once. S. B. A.—An engagement ring of honor should only be presented after the proposal has been made and regularly accepted. ALLIE SPENCE.—We never heard of the story you refer to, so cannot tell you where it can be obtained. CHAS. F. R.—We know of no institution, nor the address of any Professor, where you are certain of being cured.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*